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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.  
Henry W. McCoy.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor }

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CHARMING BUT CROOKED.

HOW CURIOSITY AND A TASTE FOR GOOD DRINKING UPSET THE BURGLARIOUS PLANS OF TWO FAIR ORNAMENTS OF THE ROGUES' GALLERY;  
NEW YORK CITY.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, — Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
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Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

THE latest pugilistic news is talk, talk, talk, and not a show of fight.

BROOKLYN is taking a rest. No church people have been accused of seduction for a whole week.

WHAT was the warning we gave when the Lily first came over to us? In the light of late events, isn't society glad it took the advice of the POLICE GAZETTE and turned up its nose at her?

THAT tough old veteran, Crook, has got himself and his command into a very tight place in the Apache country, and alarmed all his friends. If he comes out with his scalp this time it will be the greatest achievement of his life.

THE people who write us about obtaining beastly pictures and illegal prints are simply wasting their time and making us mad. We're not that kind of person, we reiterate, and the POLICE GAZETTE is not that kind of a sporting paper.

FREDDIE wants to marry the Lily, and the Lily wants to shake her English husband with secondary matrimonial designs. Well! Well! There are as big suckers in the sea as ever were caught! There's no mistake in these old sayings. The old timers got things down fine.

THE ball-tossers never go across to Brooklyn now in their Tally Ho array without stopping and winding a horn for us on the bridge. The boys remember probably how many horns were wound by us for them and our other guests on the grand reception day. That's why all this music.

WE have received over a thousand friendly letters from our brethren of the press throughout the country expressing regret for their inability to attend the grand reception and banquet in the POLICE GAZETTE building on May 21. They missed a big thing, indeed, while they were not missed, the attendance was so numerous.

OH, my! that one-horse Bohemian who calls himself "Gath"—so dubbed by a lisping critic of his writings—thinks the POLICE GAZETTE obstructs his view from the bridge. We'll tear it down if he insists. Of course. Or we'll remove, so that he shall not be offended. We always obey when any little mongrel barks. Why, to be sure.

NOW THE rush to Coney Island has begun under the impulse of a warm spell and the attraction of the first race meeting of the season. Engeman, first in the field at Brighton Beach, promises great things in the way of "square" and exciting events. We shall see if he will win us over to taking stock in him. We're open to conviction, but we won't stand any funny business.

EUROPE keeps on pouring her Mormon converts into the port of New York. Eight hundred arrived in one batch the other day. When this nastiness ripens and comes to a head at Salt Lake, then the European press opens on us and preaches sermons on the wicked resultants of republican license. Isn't there some way of discouraging this lecherous scum? There should be.

THE aquatic season is on us, and the clumsy novices who think they were born Hanlans are taking to the water in their usual force, catching crabs, plumping themselves into the water, and spreading havoc among small craft all around them. There ought to be a law compelling all these born oarsmen to pass a season in a preparatory school with practice on a duck pond before they are permitted to cut loose on the rivers and regular aquatic courses.

THE half-poisoned jury in Philadelphia took the warning and brought in a verdict to the effect that the white man they were trying wasn't guilty of murder in making way with a Chinaman. One grim hint of that sort was enough for so sensible a set of men. A less astute twelve might not have seen the point, and falling therein might have got a finishing dose. There's nothing like brains in the law, even in the jury box, to detect all the fine points.

WE have received from Hon. S. S. Cox words of unqualified commendation for the good work of the POLICE GAZETTE and for our methods of doing it. Praise from such a source is praise indeed. "Sunset" is no slouch, either as a statesman, orator, literateur, or cosmopolite, and when the POLICE GAZETTE comes up to his ideal, it must be worthy indeed. We are proud of his praise, and we "make no bones" of acknowledging it, and boasting about it, too.

THE big bridge is a labor-saving machine for the bungo steers. They know just where to go to make a haul of suckers. The countrymen are found on the airy highway in perfect shoals, and with no policemen of any account to protect them either. The crooks disport right before our windows, and work their rackets boldly and without fear, raking the boodles of all the greenies who are too good to read the POLICE GAZETTE. They don't tackle our readers, for they detect at a glance they're too "fly" to be caught.

THE funny man, erstwhile so chipper and so gay in the press West and South, languishes and growth weary with imminent promise of deteriorating to the "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable" stage. It makes us sad when we note the successive outcroppings of new funny men in the papers. We know what's going to happen after a month or so, how they are going to wear themselves out and sink exhausted into obscurity. It's a tough trade, this clowning in journalism. Much better were it to be a clown in a circus where you can keep on repeating your jokes until you die.

A HIGH school in New Hampshire, where they make a great parade of the moral and religious branches of training, has lately acquired an unenviable notoriety. It appears that several of the young girls, not over fourteen years of age, have been holding surreptitious meetings with the boy students, with the usual results prescribed by nature. If the POLICE GAZETTE had been among the text books we would have been blamed for this; but we've got Holy Joe on the hip again. The students were never allowed to read our truthful chronicles and warnings against the pitfalls of life. If they had they would have been better off.

WE printed in the previous issue of the POLICE GAZETTE a warning to the bridge trustees. We said that the accommodations for pedestrians were totally and ridiculously inadequate—that too much room had been given to a steam railroad to please and enrich certain capitalists, and too little to the public that walks. A terrible tragedy has justified our prophetic prescience. On Decoration Day there was a panic on the narrow, crowded footway, and many women and children were trampled to death. We still adhere to the opinion that the whole lower floor of the bridge should be made a highway, with no cars of any kind allowed on it, and with sidewalks on either side for business men, while the elevated footway should be used as a promenade by loungers and sightseers. It is tough that the elevated railroad people and other plotters should have their plans spoiled, but the public safety demand it. There is no room on the bridge for steam cars. The public crowds them off, and will be content with omnibuses for so short a transit. To pretend not to see the necessity of this change any longer is criminal in the light of the late terrible events.

A FRISKY old chap, aged 82, eloped with a damsel, aged 16, named Belle Duprez, at Nashua, N. H., on May 16. The furious relatives started in pursuit; but, at last accounts, the aged Lothario had distanced them all with his infantile dash. It seems it is never too late for this style of thing among church people; for, of course, the old hero of this romance got his fine work in first by his good standing in a fashionable congregation. Those hoary-headed old members of the praying bands are thinking of more things than their latter end. When they bow their heads in the temple, you bet.

THE Czar has got his crown on his head, and still succeeded in keeping that head on his shoulders. We wouldn't swap places with him though. The POLICE GAZETTE palace is safer than the gorgeous dwelling of the autocrat, and our sceptre is mightier than his. We lay away over him in our "pull" you bet, and we don't have any dynamite in our either.

FULLY one half of the murders that are burdening the telegraph wires with their horrid details are the results of either marital disagreements and jealousies or the crooked relations of the unmarried. There's a woman in every crime, but in the line of sensational murder the devil seems to have given the gentle sex a fuller swing than usual. The tables are turning nowadays. No one can say that the weaker sex is helpless and needs protection, for it is too often the case that the tyrant man is made a subject for a coroner, while a husband-beating wife is no rarity. Talk about reviving the whipping post for wife beaters! More need is there of the ducking stool for scolds and husband sleggers.

THE lofty air that some of these pretentious journals attempt to maintain toward us is amusing. The day has gone by when they could impose on the public with their pretences of innate superiority. We have demonstrated our journalistic worth. We are on a plane with the very best of them, and rushing ahead at that. Denials will do no good. We have won recognition and captured our place. You may as well acknowledge the corn gracefully, boys, for your own sake, for we don't care a damn for ours, since we are young, lusty and able to make our way without asking favors of any one. That's just where we stand, and we don't care who takes our remarks as personal. That's the kind of a journalistic hairpin we are, and don't you forget it.

WHEN newspapers get religion and get it so bad that it crops out all over them, then look out for the public moneys and whatever else is lying around loose. We note this apropos of the transactions of a dirty little sheet in Florida, which was so dreadfully good that it decried that reputable journal the *Times Union* of Jacksonville, because the latter expressed a liking for Richard K. Fox and his publications. Now it turns out that the moral journal has been publishing snide legal notices, putting them in only one copy of the paper for fraudulent purposes. This is holy business indeed—the regular style of thing among the obtrusively religious. It is now the turn of the *Times Union* to triumph, and we hope it will not let up a bit. Go for the holy mob bald headed, boys.

OVER in the little village of Brooklyn, across the bridge two Scotchmen have got control of the rival papers, and are putting the heavy stone at each other furiously at short range, to the delight of all beholders. There was a sort of an alleged Irishman in control of one of the papers, but when this stone throwing business began he strategically sneaked away to Europe, leaving a canny Scot, his lieutenant, to do his fighting for him. These wretched wranglers and mud flingers have been the most hypocritical critics of the POLICE GAZETTE's honest and outspoken style of journalism. We have given them rope enough to hang themselves, and they are doing it, while at the same time we keep their portraits all ready for use when they have besmirched themselves sufficiently, or so far unmasked the truant chief as to make them all around objects of public interest.

## PRAISE FROM A HIGH SOURCE.

There have latterly been some interesting, not to say radical, changes in Franklin square, which the figure of poor Richard over the broad doors of Harper & Brothers must have regarded with a stare of amazement. It was once a fancy of some writer of fiction that the effigy of the staid and solemn old man used to glance reproachfully on the squalor of Cherry street, and frown upon the avarice which had turned the old Walton House—once headquarters or home of Washington—into a tenement house. Now it is another sort of scene which meets his astonished gaze as he sees through a network of telegraphic wires the elevated trains rush momentarily past him and on the same level with his own perch. The "Journal of Civilization" has now for a vis-a-vis THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, and the new comer has imitators whose gaudily displayed signboard must make the whole literary family of Harper Brothers & Cousins pale with envy. In the sacred old Walton Mansion itself, redeemed from the tenement house lodger only to be turned to the uses of commerce, a "Police Gazette" tailor and the "Police Gazette" shoemaker have established themselves.—*N. Y. Tribune*. Sunday, May 20.

## A MOTHER'S MADNESS.

Throwing Her Children Into the River and Jumping After Them.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Several boatmen, engaged in unloading the canal boat *Don Quixote*, lying at the foot of East Fourteenth street, on the afternoon of May 22, saw a woman approach the end of the bulkhead. She carried an infant in her arms, and a little girl of three years clung to her dress. After gazing for a few moments at the swiftly running tide below, the woman kissed the infant and threw it from her into the water. Quickly seizing the little girl she threw her after the infant and then plunged in herself. An old woman gathering wood on the pier saw the woman jump, and uttered a piercing shriek which attracted the attention of boatmen on a schooner near by.

The waves from a passing steamboat prevented the woman and children from floating out with the tide, and washed them up against the bulkhead. The crew of the schooner succeeded in rescuing the party. The woman made a determined effort to break away from her rescuers, but she was finally taken ashore, and the woman and children were taken to Bellevue hospital. The former said that her name was Mrs. Margaret Graham and that the little ones were her children. She had been deserted by her husband and had no home or money. Mrs. Graham is about 30 years of age, and still has traces of beauty.

## HIRSUTE CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD.

A Hairdressing Tournament Results in a Triumph for a New Yorker.

The triennial international hairdressing competition has just taken place at Enrico's, Regent street, London, before a large audience, composing the beauty and fashion of the capital. There were twenty competitors—five from Paris, two from Brussels, two from Berlin, one from Rome, one from Florence, two from Vienna, two from New York, five from London, two from Manchester, one from Liverpool, and one from Edinburgh. It was a display of high art which will live in many memories, professional and amateur, forever. The subjects were young women specially chosen for luxuriance of hair. The contest was close and the display of skill prodigious. First came the ancient modes, Egyptian, Jewish, Grecian, Roman British and Irish; then the middle-aged, high-peaked and saillant; thence onward to the monstrous devices of the seventeenth century, and so down to the exaggeration of the crinoline period and the forehead fringes of the present rage of aesthetics. There was inspiration for the poet in the way Potipher's wife and Pharaoh's daughter wore their back hair, in the Cleopatra curl, the Boudicea bang, down to the piled and powdered locks of Mme. Maintenon or the simple chevelure of Dolly Varden. The first prize, \$375, was won by Theophile of the Rue de Nancy, Paris; the second, \$250, by Charles O. Driscoll, of West Twenty-seventh street, New York, and the third, \$125, by another Frenchman, the Saxon not scoring at all.

## HANLAN'S LAST VICTORY.

He Paddles Away From Kennedy with Ease, and Both Beat the Record.

The three-mile single scull race between Hanlan and Kennedy for \$5,000, was decided at the Point of Pines, Chelsea, Mass., on May 31, and resulted in an easy victory for the champion. Kennedy got the best of the start. He rowed 39 strokes to the minute, while Hanlan put in 38. Kennedy kept a lead of about a quarter of a boat's length for an eighth of a mile. At about three-eighths of a mile Hanlan shot ahead, and the race was practically over. Although Kennedy rowed a game race, he at no time after this approached anywhere near Hanlan. The official time of the race was: Hanlan, 19m. 48s.; Kennedy, 19m. 52s. The mile and a half was rowed in 9m. 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. by Hanlan and in 10m. 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. by Kennedy. Both men beat the record made by C. E. Courtney at Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1877, which was 20m. 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Neither man appeared fatigued at the finish, and both expressed entire satisfaction at the result of the race.

## CHARMING, BUT CROOKED.

[Subject of Illustration.] Two female burglars were arrested in Morrisania last week, under peculiar circumstances. The owner of a house returning from a lodge meeting at 2 A. M., was astonished to find his dining room lighted up. Instead of his wife waiting for him with a broom, he found two young women smoking his cigars, drinking his wine and reading his private correspondence. They had broken into the house with burglars intentions, but had succumbed to curiosity and love of good cheer. He signalled a policeman, and they were arrested, after a quite desperate resistance, in which one of their captors was badly hurt. They were recognized as a pair of notorious professional crooks, and will enjoy the hospitality of the State for some time to come.

## SERGEANT BECKER'S NARROW ESCAPE.

[With Portrait.] Sergeant William H. Becker, of the Reading police force, is a young but experienced officer, whose career has been marked by many a deed of daring. Quite recently he was detailed to capture a notorious horse-thief in the neighborhood of Reading, and while so engaged was grievously wounded by the rascal. In fact, only the Sergeant's strong constitution saved him from death. He comes from Pennsylvania German stock, and is a man of education and refinement.

## A HINT TO LEAVE.

[Subject of Illustration.] A well-to-do practical, methodical old retired builder, who lives in Harlem, has invented a simple contrivance by which he can notify his daughter's suitors when it is time to leave. Through a hole in the floor of his bedroom a rope drops into the parlor and is attached to one of the feet of the sofa on which the young folks do their sparkling. Precisely at 11 o'clock P. M. the old gentleman yanks on that rope, and when the old man yanks something has got to give way,

THE  
FEMALE SPORTS  
OF  
NEW YORK.  
BY  
ONE OF THEM

CHAPTER XIII.  
FARO'S FEMALE PRIESTESS.

The sign:

MADAME DE MORGAN,  
Clairvoyant,

was some years back a familiar one in Washington square. It was engraved on a silver plate which adorned the door of one of the old time mansions which hem the park in, and in certain superstitious circles was well known.

The possessor of this supernaturally gifted cognomen was a woman beyond the middle age, who lived alone with her daughter and a couple of servants.

The former was a very pretty girl of 16, bright and intelligent. Her mother had provided her with an excellent education and nature had contributed the rest toward making her a very charming and brilliant woman.

One morning there called on Madame de Morgan a good looking though somewhat flashily dressed young man who desired to consult her professionally. The servants being busy Minnie, her daughter, opened the door for him and carried his message to her mother.

Of course the fortune teller saw him.

He was a gambler and had had a very long and serious run of ill luck. Like most of his trade he was very superstitious, and learning of the power of the Washington square fortune teller, desired to employ her services to improve his fortune.

The woman did as she usually did in such cases, she promised him all sorts and no end of good luck, pocketed her fee and dismissed him.

And Minnie showed him out.

A couple of days later he returned. This time a servant admitted him and he was visibly disappointed. However, he saw the clairvoyant, and informed her that her invocation had brought him luck and he desired to consult her further. She pocketed another fee and gave him in exchange another set of propitious predictions.

As he passed out he met her daughter in the hall. A half dollar slipped into the hand of the servant who had admitted him had induced her to inform her young mistress of his presence. The girl had placed herself on the lookout for him.

He only got a few words with her, but these were enough to serve his purpose. That evening he and Minnie spent promenading the square and laying the foundation for an amour which was to decide the young girl's life.

Just off the square in a quiet street was at that time one of the most famous assignation houses in the city. One evening the gambler induced his conquest to visit this place with him. He had had a room prepared in advance, and made every preparation for a sturdy siege of his victim, when to his amazement she fairly fell into his arms.

This girl, morally perverted by her mother's fraudulent profession and the crooked people it brought her in contact with, was only a girl in years. In fact she had already tasted the seductive sweets of sin, and the gambler had been making his elaborate preparations to conquer her without any necessity whatever.

However, their liaison proved a very pleasant one. At first their meetings were secret. Then he said to her one day:

"Minnie, do you really love me?"

"Do I, Tom?" she repeated, hugging him.

"Then you do?"

"Of course."

"And will you do anything I wish?"

"Anything whatever."

"Then give the old lady the shake."

"Certainly. I'm tired of her any how. But what will I do then?"

"You will live with me."

"You must have struck luck."

"I have. I have made a winning of \$20,000, and am going to open a bank of my own."

"And you want me to bring you luck."

"Just so."

"All right. When shall it be?"

"At once."

"But where will we live?"

"I have two rooms waiting for us on Clinton place till I can furnish a house."

The night Minnie left the old house in Washington square never to return.

Her mother took her elopement philosophically. She simply sent a bill in to the gambler for a pair of diamond earrings of her own which Minnie had carried off by mistake, of course. Tom paid the bill and took a receipt in full.

Shortly after the gambler moved his mistress into a handsome house up town. His game was flourishing and he was able to surround her with every luxury. Having provided her with a home, he offered to do still more.

To marry her, in short.

But Minnie laughed at the proposition.

"Pooch, pooch!" she said; "what do you want to marry me for?"

"For your sake, my dear."

"Then I'll let you off."

"But —"

"Nonsense! As long as we like one another, we don't need to be married to stick together. When we get tired we can separate. I know I'd run away, even if I was your wife, if I didn't care for you any more."

"All right," said Tom, laughing. "You're a thoroughbred."

"Of course I am. What do I get for it?"

In a couple of years Minnie demonstrated the sincerity of her philosophy. She fell in love with one of the frequenters of her lover's bank, and it ended by Tom discovering them in *flagrante delicto*. There was a quarrel, of course, and Minnie packed up and moved.

Shortly after it was mysteriously hinted in one of the newspapers that a magnificent gaming house had been opened up town, for the exclusive benefit of the fair sex. The most extravagant stories of this metropolitan palace of fortune were told. Unlike most stories of their kind they were based on fact.

There was indeed such an establishment in existence, and the daughter of the Washington square fortune teller was its high priestess.

Her life with her gambler lover had not been passed by the clever daughter of a sharp mother without profit to herself. Little by little she had learned all the mysteries of her protector's trade. When they were on good terms she had often visited his game, and watched the play for hours through a peep-hole from his private room. She had got him to buy her a layout and teach her how to deal. She had, moreover, practiced with the cards herself until there was not a trick in their manipulation which she could not command. And she had more than once remarked to him:

"If I wore pantaloons instead of petticoats now, I could save you the salary of a dealer."

To which he would always reply in admiration:

"You could indeed!"

When she lost her protector Minnie determined to put the professional proficiency she had acquired from him to account. During the period of her career she had passed with him she had made many female acquaintances of the faster sort, acquaintances whom she now proposed to profit by. She had often dealt a little private game of faro for a select few of her friends. Now she determined to give them all a chance.

Her quarrel with her protector had by no means left her penniless. She owned valuable diamonds and laid hands on a couple of thousand dollars of his money at the last moment, which he permitted her to take rather than have any further trouble with her. On this capital she hired a furnished house, and after instructing two or three of her intimate acquaintances in the mystery of dealing and manipulating cards, began work with their assistance. The place was extensively advertised among the *demi-monde* of the metropolis as a ladies' club house, and soon became popular, the more so as no men were admitted, and the fair frequenters were consequently allowed more freedom and abandon. Roulette and faro, as well as occasional games of *rouge et noir*, were at first dealt, but the gaming soon resolved itself into faro alone. Some very heavy playing occurred. One lady carried off over \$5,000 as the result of a day's lucky play. Another won upon three days in succession \$1,800. The bank was so low at one time that the proprietress contemplated closing, and would have done so but for the appearance of a creole gamemaster fresh from New Orleans, who lost over \$8,000 in money and jewels at a sitting, and so replenished the nearly empty coffers of the game. For the last six months the bank is said to have enjoyed an almost unexampled run of luck, scarcely ever losing.

At first, as we have hinted, members of the *demi-monde* were the only patrons of the game, but as the character of the place became whispered about, wealthy society ladies who would shudder with horror at public contact with their frail sisters, also applied for admission into the guarded precincts of the house. In order to obtain admission it was necessary to have either a card from the proprietress, or an introduction from a regular frequenter. Regular *habitués* have latch keys, which admit them into the passage between the inner and outer doors, both of which are always kept closed. The same door is guarded by a pretty quadroon, whose orders are to admit no stranger unprovided with the proper credentials. The post office bag is daily filled with applications for the *entree* of the place.

No intruder of the male sex has ever been admitted except into the basement where groceries, wines, etc., are delivered. The servants, of whom they are several, are all females, as are also all the dealers, case keepers, etc., attached to the game up stairs. The house originally belonged to a down town millionaire, a former agent for one of the great Transatlantic steamship lines, from whom its present owner rented it. Since then, however, she has purchased the building outright. It is furnished in the most luxurious style throughout, nothing that taste could suggest or money could purchase, being absent. The gaming is carried on in a back drawing room on the second floor; in the front drawing room an elegant lunch is always laid, and the most delicate and costly wines in the market on hand to wash it down. The upper floors are devoted to the use of the attaches of the establishment, who all reside on the premises. The proprietress herself has become one of the characters of the town. The fortune teller's daughter has grown into a handsome and stately woman, as beautiful as she is heartless and unprincipled. Since she has set up in business for herself she has adopted a certain degree of state. She always dresses in black, and is famous among all her acquaintances for her love of pearls, which are the only jewels she is ever seen to wear, and of which she is reported to have the most magnificent collection in the country. One complete set in particular belonged to the Empress Eugenie, and the gems which once queenied it in the drawing room of an empress now preside over the fortunes of a game of faro.

One of the dealers is also a once famous character of sporting New York. She is a woman of 35, who some years ago enjoyed the favor of no less a person than the master of Erie, James Fisk, Jr., in whose grand opera house she began life as a ballet girl. In her own circles she is known as "Diamond Minnie," on account of her weakness for those precious minerals. The rest of the executive corps are all more or less skilfully famous and attractive, and are said to be as skillful and cool in all the traits and tricks of their trade as the most veteran gambler of the male sex.

The housekeeping of the place is on the most extravagant scale. The house is chiefly served by two prominent Fulton Market dealers, and a wine merchant who also supplies liquors and wines to several of our principal clubs, and all concur in stating that the consumption of the finer qualities of their wares far exceeds that of many of the clubs where male New York finds such extravagant comfort.

There are several other institutions for a like purpose scattered about this city and Brooklyn, but they are on a far inferior scale, and their use is restricted positively to elected members. In them, too, no games but round games of cards are played. Even at that limited rake, however, much money is lost and won. The incalculable harm wrought the place of which we specially treat is indubitably the worst. Women are proverbially infatuated gamblers, and once embarked on the sea of chance, with their fate totally at the mercy of the fickle goddess fortune, or worse, with the chance of the game dependent on the honesty of dishonesty of an unscrupulous dealer, the result may

easily be imagined. At one time, before the better class of society women began to frequent it, the place achieved quite a reputation as a "skin game," and even the most desperate votary of chance who visited it refused to play at the table games, restricting their work to round games, for which the women paid the house percentage. Since then, however, the management of the faro table is said to be more fairly conducted.

Billiards and bagatelle boards have been added and roulette and *rouge et noir* discarded, save when a party of players specially desire.

Among the *habitués* are many who never play at the set games at all, but amuse themselves over games of *echec*, *poker*, *seven-up*, etc. These latter are for the most part southern women, who from earlier youth are familiar with the pet games of their fathers and brothers. The English frequenters are *whist* players: Americans from the North and West, and French—for almost all nationalities find representatives among the visitors—devote themselves almost exclusively to faro.

As may be imagined, this champion female sport of New York does not enjoy her prosperity alone. Having begun life as the mistress of one man, she has now taken to keeping another man herself.

He is an actor at a first class theatre. He is an Adonis of the first order. Handsome and empty headed, he figures on the stage as a gentleman, and off it as the favorite of a loose woman whom he helps to squander the earnings of her irregular trade. It is said, even, that he receives a weekly allowance of spending money from her, and that his tailor's and jeweller's bills are paid by her.

However that may be, she certainly owns him. It was only a few weeks back that she walked into a saloon where he was flirting with a couple of the ballet girls who make the place their headquarters, and marched him out by the ear, an operation to which he submitted like a lamb.

What won't some men do, for love—or money?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STAGE WHISPERS.

A Romance in the Life of Three Ballet Girls, One of Whom was Clara Morris.

BOUCICAULT is pushing his son forward with a persistency that is worthy of a better father. The boy is a fair actor, and gives promise of amounting to something artistically at a distant day, but the old man is spoiling him by bringing him out unripe and quelling all the ambition in him by urging him into the belief that he is at the top of the tree—which he is not by any means.

NOTWITHSTANDING Teare's tumble, the English gang of actors hasn't released its grip by any means. They are still looking for all the fat places, and are likely to get them. With us it remains to make them as uncomfortable in the aforesaid snug places as we can, and to demonstrate as promptly as possible their lack of ability and their clannish trickery by which they have got the inside track.

SOME of the comic opera people who are setting up the beers regardless of the expense during the early days of their vacation had better draw it in mild in anticipation of hard times to come, for they are going to suffer considerably next season. The people are sick of this style of alleged opera, and are not going to tolerate it in the old profusion of mediocre squawkers. We have no doubt a majority of the "artists" who are giving themselves airs about Union square now will degenerate into tramps next season.

So far Abbey has made a bad showing in his preparations for the opera season. He has a few high-sounding star names, but in the organization of orchestra, working company and chorus he seems all at sea. With all the money at his command he should be able to do better; but what is to be expected of a man who, with his eyes open, could select such a lieutenant as Billy the Ghoul? A fine specimen, he is! A nice adviser in matters of art, intelligence and refinement!

ONE of the most cheering items of theatrical news that has been going the rounds of late is the information that Gath got a slogging in New York the other day by Maud Harrison's brother. That bum Bohemian had better stick to his profitable business of striking politicians. When he tries the field of dramatic criticism he gets "struck." We're heartily glad of it, and hope these remarks may meet the eye—the well one—of Gath himself, in proof of our distinguished contempt. If ever a slogging was deserved it was there.

THE dramatic profession was well and abundantly represented at Richard K. Fox's reception and banquet in the POLICE GAZETTE building on the opening day of the Roebling Bridge. They were not the thin-skinned ones, of course, they were only that kind who don't mind when the gad is laid on nor where it falls. Even that rhinoceros-hided beast, Old Slime, had a representative on hand. We are glad that the dramatic profession has at last concluded to take our truthful remarks in good part. Such of them, however, as do not take them in that spirit know what they can do about it. This is not a dramatic organization—we are not a dramatic organist. The POLICE GAZETTE is a newspaper, and we are a critic of the drama. There you have it—and neither of us (the paper or the critic) cares a darn. When the dramatic profession begins to care as little for us then we will be on equal ground.

WE think Sara Jewett is making a great deal of fuss about her appearance in legitimate drama. She has been entertained by that tough mob of blue stockings, the Sorosis, and took in a complimentary breakfast from the *Aesthetic Society* of Jersey City at Delmonico's, on May 26. An *aesthetic* society halling from Jersey has a burlesque flavor about it, and this was heightened by the imitation of the customs and manners of horrid men—the toasting of Sara, the filling of bumpers to "lovely woman," and all the rest of it, even to the putting of over eager revellers under the table. If Miss Jewett will take our advice she will do less preliminary boasting, and more study for the arduous duties that are to come. It is all very well to attend a dinner where the *menu* is in silver letters on a pale blue satin card, and where the wines are flavored with "taffy," but the public has grown too wise to be deceived by these old tricks. You are going to be judge, for just what you are worth as a Shakespearean actress, Sara, and all the dinners of the *aesthetes* can't help you an inch upward in your climb for fame. Your only way is to strip off your French fur-bows, roll up your sleeves and buckle to yourself, for it's a hard row you have to hoe, and don't you forget it.

CLIF. TAYLEURE has been playing the interesting milk-sop husband, *Archibald Carlyle*, in "East Lynne," with Mrs. Chanfrau, all over the west. He has returned to New York, and as we passed him the other day he seemed to be very happy—glad, probably, that he had returned with his life. It was a daring venture, Clif. In the old times the fierce ruffian would have made things warm for any fellow who tried to take such liberties with their artistic taste. But these times are not the old times. You just hit them if they're not, or Clif. Tayleure would have come back in a box instead of in a parlor car. He knew better than to attempt to play his *Archibald Carlyle* on us in these parts. We're a long suffering people, but we wouldn't stand that.

EVEN in these warm days Old Slime sits in his Broadway office, and lures the ambitious damsels into his clutches. We witnessed his operations the other day by chance, as we passed that way. A well known young woman, ambitious of preferment in her profession, was lured into this spider's web right before our eyes, and since that time we have received requests from her not to make an exposure that may damage her in the eyes of the public. It seems the slimy old cuttlefish tried to make his grip the more secure by informing her that her reputation was ruined, because the POLICE GAZETTE had seen her going into his disreputable office. Let us right here that we are not of that sort. We hit hypocrisy hard whenever we meet it, but we select our foe among the strongest, not among the weak and unfortunate. We need no injunctions to secrecy in such a case. We pity the poor girl who is obliged to have recourse to that office to keep herself firm in her profession; but her secret is safe with us. It is Old Slime we go to—it is him we give away, him we challenge to come out and fight—but he won't; he hides behind the petticoats of his wretched visitors. Have no fears, Susie. Bless you, we shall never tell, though by such foul means you should manage to hoist yourself to the very top of the profession.

THERE was a terrible row in the Grand Opera house during the last engagement of the Kiralfys "Black Crook" company there. The *coryphees*, it seems, were in the habit of smoking cigarettes between the acts in their dressing room, and some of the acting people of the company objected. The manager was informed, and having his insurance in mind undertook to stop the practice. The messenger who was charged with this task was set upon by the girls who were urged on by a couple of dukes, their friends, and pretty badly used up. This led to a general row on the stage when the curtain was down, resulting in much bloodshed and the firing out of the dukes in an all-broke-up condition. The cigarette smoking still went on though, and will go on in future—a fact which it would be well for the insurance companies to make a note of. There is hardly an actress nowadays who doesn't smoke as well as drink. There are a few who are proof against the temptations of Bacchus, but fewer still who can resist the fascinations of the soporific nicotine leaf which were sung with such comic vim by rare John Brougham. They think it charming and defiantly *outré* this puffing of smoke in their idle hours, and they pride themselves on the graceful air with which they invite an outsider to join them. Pretty women whom you wouldn't think capable of such a thing, have this habit and startle you with its exhibition with more or less pliancy when you, stranger though you be, make your first call on them. They smoke in the dressing rooms in the theatres too, regularly, in spite of all managerial commands and warnings, and our word to it the next grand theatre conflagration is going to be traceable to the cigarette of an actress or a balle girl.

THE new comers of the "perfesh," the very fresh young women and conceited young men who think that they know it all, that they were born with the divine inspiration of artists perfected within them, take a malicious delight in sneering at several persons whom they call pensioners and hangers on of Clara Morris. Hearing these

## A Lover's Tragedy.

A sensational tragedy of the most horrifying description startled the little town of Cedar Hill, Mo., about 25 miles from St. Louis, on May 27. It was a love affair all through. Amiel Deruntz, aged 22, was the successful suitor for the affections of Martha McDaniels, and Hiram Suellness, aged 19, was the rejected one. The young men were sons of well-to-do farmers, and they and their families had always been very intimate. On Sunday, May 20, Martha, her sister, and the two young men were at church, and after mass the four started toward their homes. It was then noticed that Martha showed a decided preference for Deruntz, and she ran ahead, and, taking hold of his arm in a romping way, said: "Let's run away from them," leaving her younger sister with Suellness. Suellness did not seem to like this, and muttered something which was not intelligible to the bystanders. The two young men were together as much as usual during the next week, and their demeanor toward each other betrayed no ill feeling or disagreement. He was meditating murder, however, and Sunday, May 27, was the day he selected.

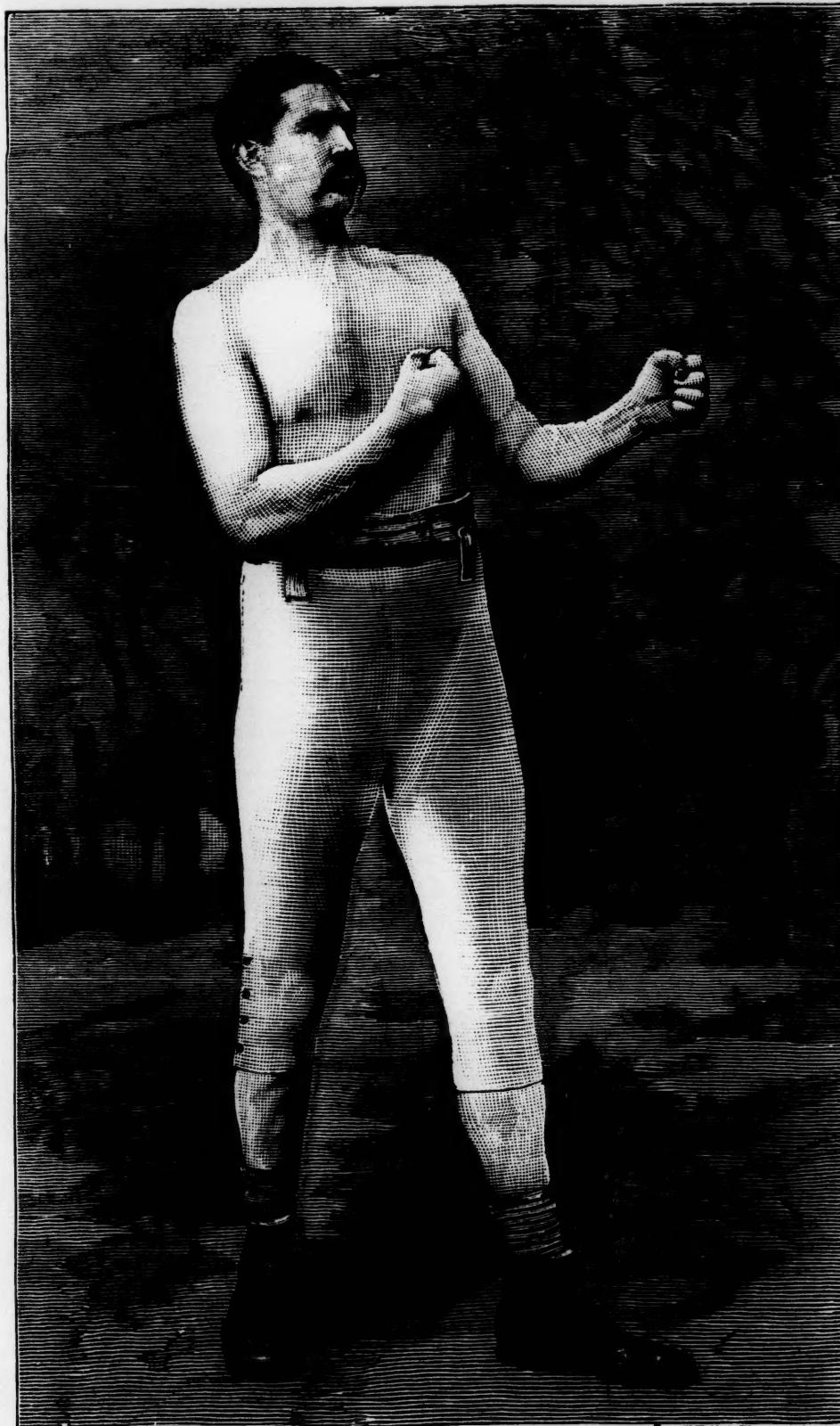
After mass the worshippers dispersed to their several homes, or stood in the vicinity of the church, talking. Amiel Deruntz and Martha McDaniels were among the merriest of the light-hearted people, and as they strolled off together toward the young lady's house, it was whispered among their acquaintances that there would soon be a wedding. Several others followed, two or three at a time, in the same direction.

The lovers were crossing the fields ahead of the others, when suddenly Suellness stepped from behind a clump of bushes with a double-barreled shotgun in his hands, and presenting it at his rival said: "Amiel, have you got your revolver with you?" Deruntz apparently thought his friend was simply trying to frighten him and stepped forward with some remark about the danger of such joking, while the young lady shrank back and screamed. At the same instant Suellness fired, almost blowing Deruntz's head off, of course killing him instantly. Martha turned to run, when the murderer fired at and fatally wounded her. The murderer then ran away with the gun in his hands.

He went only about five hundred rods, however, and when some of the people came in sight of him he had just finished loading the weapon. His pursuers approached, and just before the foremost one of the crowd came up he placed the breech of the gun on the ground, and, leaning the muzzle against his left side, pushed the triggers with a forked stick and sent the contents of both barrels through his body. He fell dead.

## The Blonde's Last Mash.

A typical Bowery blonde is Annie Walters, better known as "Blonde Annie." On May 26 she went on one of her usual sprees, and wound up with an adventure that nearly cost her her life. She had been drinking with a female companion in a resort kept by "Jerry" Lane, at No. 91 Fourth avenue, and, according to the proprietor, became so boisterous that he had to eject her. He asserts that after being put out she went to the side door at No. 100 East Ele-



BARNEY BLAKE,

THE LIMERICK GIANT.

enth street, through which she thrust her right arm, after breaking the heavy plate glass with her fist. In trying to pull her arm out she tore the flesh completely off her forearm from the wrist to the elbow, leaving it hanging in strips in the broken glass. She fainted, and the sidewalk was covered with blood.

Annie Walters was nearly murdered in Stanton street five years ago by her lover, who cut her throat, and who is now in State prison.

## William J. Walworth.

This gentleman, whose portrait we present this week, has been a driver for at least a dozen years past, and few are the tracks in the West that he has not ridden over.

The first trotter of note campaigned by this gentleman was the stallion Monarch, Jr., to whom he gave a record of 2.24½. This horse was justly celebrated throughout Indiana and Michigan a few years ago, where he won many hard races. He then handled Bay Prince, Gray Harry, Lady Hill, Greenwood and a host of others. They got no famous records, though they won a liberal amount of money in the smaller meetings. Two years ago the renowned mares Lucrece and Ethel Medium came into his hands, and he drove them with a master hand.

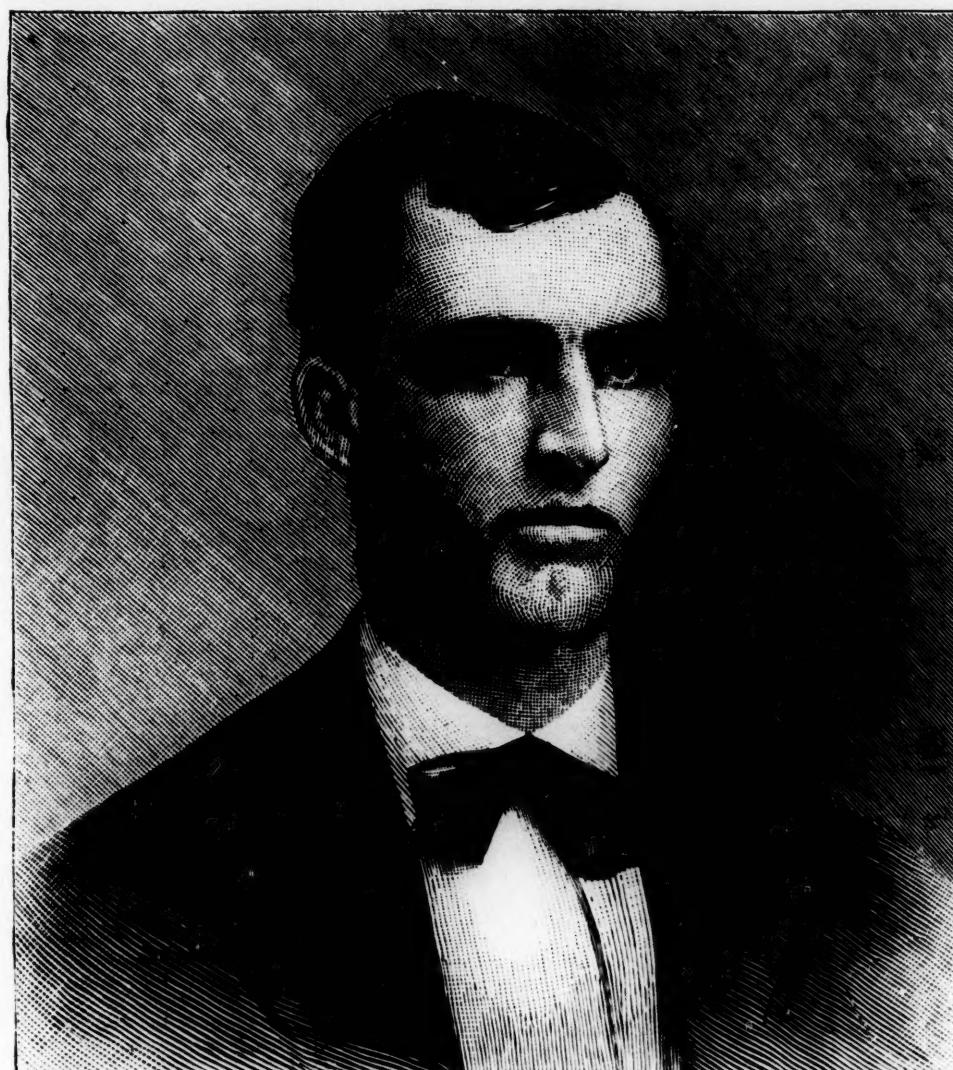
Through the grand circuit last year they proved very difficult to down, and in several stubborn contests they turned up winners. To Lucrece he gave 2.23½, and to Ethel Medium 2.25½. Mr. Walworth has a quiet, retiring demeanor, yet when aroused he is a shrewd, keen talker. In a race he always has his wits about him, is quick to take in the situation, and has an eye ever on the main chance. He drives with good judgment and is very attentive to business. To know him well is to like him well, and his friends are not a few.

## Louis D. Corsor.

This gentleman is well known in sporting circles for the active part he has taken in all manly sports, and for the courtesy at all times shown to pugilists when training at his place for their battles in the prize ring. It was at Mr. Corsor's place that Paddy Ryan trained for his fights with Joe Goss and John L. Sullivan for the heavyweight championship of America. Mike Donovan, when he was matched to fight George Cooke for the middleweight championship, chose this place for his training quarters. Mr. Corsor is a great favorite, and deservedly popular among all classes of the sporting fraternity.

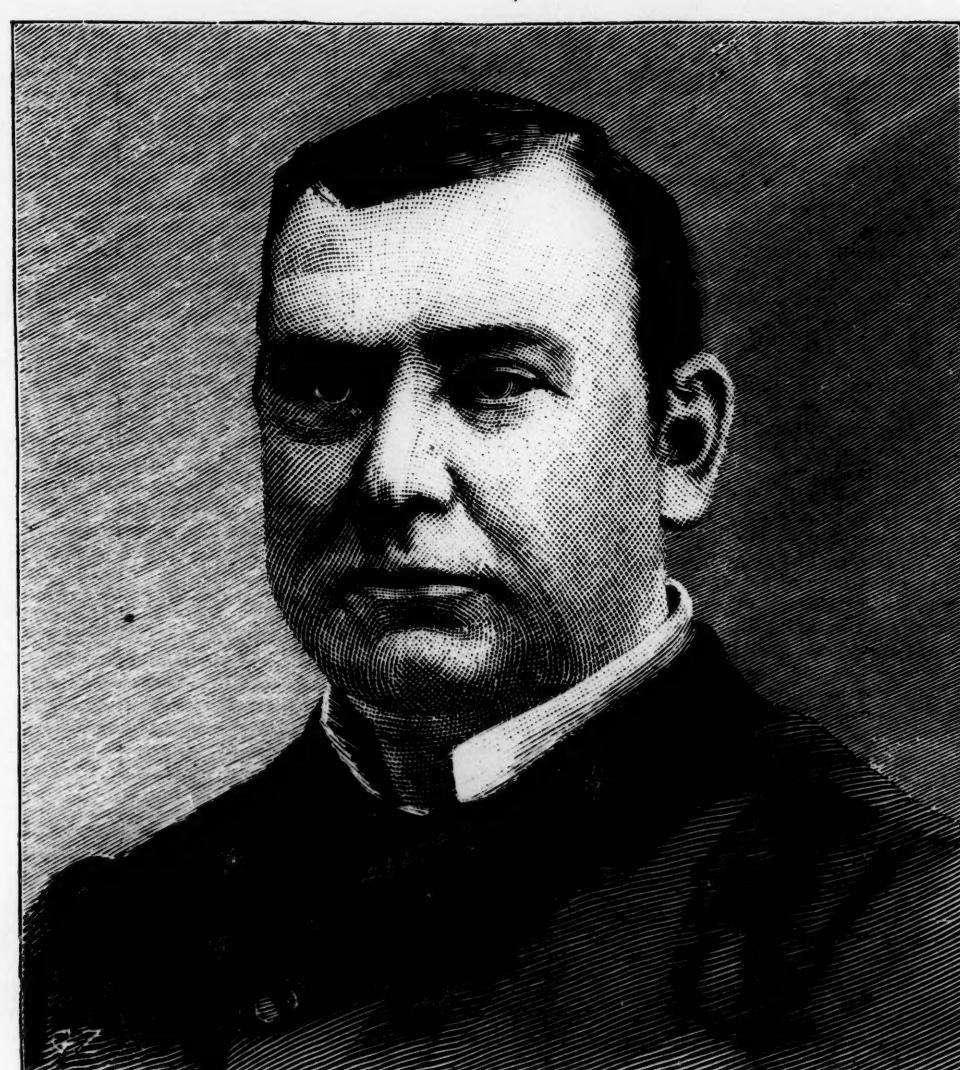
## Barney Blake.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Barney Blake, the Limerick Giant, who Captain James C. Daly, the Irish champion athlete, imported to this country. Blake is a powerful athlete, stands 6 feet 7½ inches in height, and weighs 240 pounds. He has been stopping at Daly's Police Gazette Sporting House, 295 Avenue A, New York, and since his sojourn there he has knocked several heavyweights out of time. His performances have been recorded in the POLICE GAZETTE. Blake informs us that he is ready to box or fight any man in America. He is the tallest pugilist ever seen in this country with the exception of Charley Freeman, who stood 5 feet 10½ inches in height.



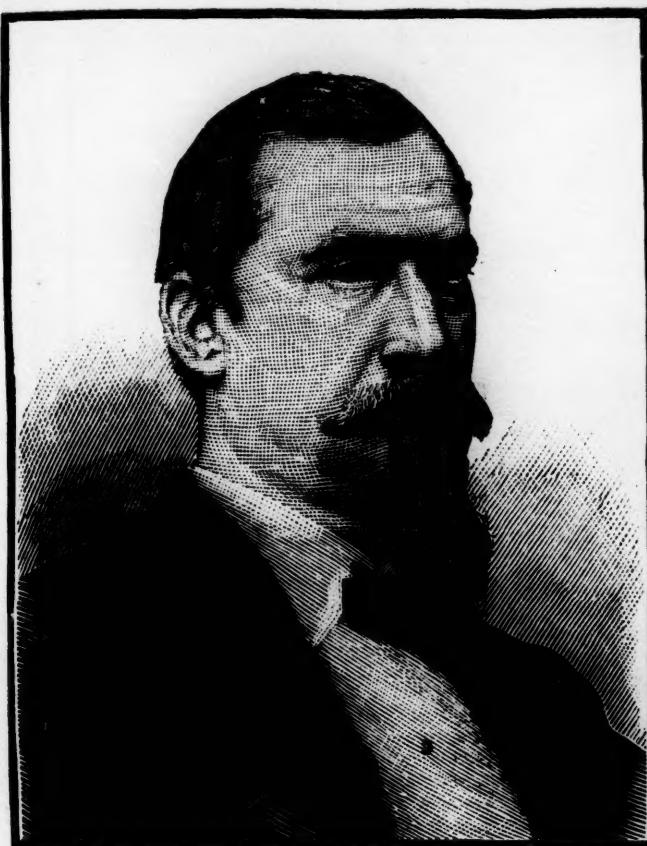
WILLIAM J. WALWORTH,

FAMOUS HORSEMAN OF ST. CLAIR, MICH.



LOUIS D. CORSOR,

POPULAR SPORTING BONIFACE OF FAR ROCKAWAY, L. L.



MATTHEW ARBUCKLE,

NOTED NEW YORK CORNET PLAYER; DIED MAY 23.

## A Bridal Chamber Horror.

According to the Montevideo *Razon*, a horrible affair took place recently at Rio Grande del Sur, near to the Uruguayan frontier. A young farmer was bitten by a mad dog, and remedies were immediately applied to the wound. Cauterization was resorted to, and there was every reason to believe that the virus had not entered the victim's system. When the accident occurred the young man was about to marry, but in consequence of the untoward occurrence the ceremony was postponed for three months, when the medical men who consulted on the case, gave it as their unanimous opinion that there was not the slightest ground for apprehending any danger from the bite. The marriage took place on the farm, and was celebrated with the customary festivities. After the nuptial supper was over, the bridegroom appeared to be seized with a fit of melancholy. One of love's caprices, said somebody. After supper came the ball, and when this was at its height the newly wedded couple withdrew from the festive scene and retired to their apartment.

About an hour afterward the house resounded with ferocious cries, intermingled with shrieks and groans. As soon as the guests had recovered from their stupefaction they started in the direction of the cries. They proceeded from the nuptial chamber. The door was burst open and a horrible spectacle presented itself. On the floor lay the young bride in a pool of blood. She still breathed, but her body was torn and bitten as if she had been seized by a tiger. In a corner of the room was the bridegroom, covered with blood and foaming at the mouth, scratching, biting and tearing away at wall and furniture. With a sudden bound he sprang like a tiger upon the invaders of his lair, and he would have made one or two more victims had not a brother of the dying bride sent a bullet crashing through the madman's brain.

## A Notorious Female.

We publish this week the portrait of Miss Jessie Belle Buckner, a woman whose name has

been on many lips out West during the past month. She was the leading witness for the defence in the Thompson-Davis shooting affair, having been present at the disgusting scene between Mrs. Thompson and Walter Davis in the St. Clair Hotel, Louisville. Indeed, Miss Buckner was the direct cause of the murder, inasmuch as she first told Congressman Thompson of his wife's dishonor. Miss Jessie Belle Buckner was born in Mississippi in 1858, and is consequently 25 years old. At an early age she moved to Harrodsburg, Ky., and gained her education there. When 16 years old Miss Buckner married Will Tomlinson, and removed with him from Harrodsburg to Louisville, where she was unpleasantly connected with a scandal. Subsequently she brought suit for divorce on the ground of abandonment, and the decree was granted by mutual consent, on the condition that she should have the custody of their one child. The lady was restored to her maiden name, Jessie Buckner, which she still retains. Miss Buckner is a handsome woman. She is tall, magnificently formed, with large, dark eyes, a marvellous complexion, and a wealth of dark brown hair. She is an accomplished musician and a superb conversationalist. Her haughty, dignified manner evinces her lack of affection and those other qualities which go to make up the highest and most attractive type of womanhood. She is cold, unsympathetic, and has acquired wonderful self-control, which she displayed on the witness stand in the late famous trial.

## Another Spotted Star.

In the divorce court in London a few weeks ago, the case of Stanhope vs. Stanhope and Adye came before Sir James Hannen. It was a petition presented by the Hon. Wyndham Stanhope, son of the Earl of Harrington, for the dissolution of his marriage with the respondent, Camille Caroline, formerly at actress at the London theatres, on the ground of her adultery with Lieut. Adye, of the Royal Irish rifles.

The counsel, in opening the case, said the parties were married on the 23d of October, 1877, and on account of the delicate state of Mr. Stanhope's health they went to Madera and other places. This they continued to do from year to year. In 1882, they having previously made the acquaintance of the co-respondent, the petitioner thought there was too much familiarity between Mr.



CHARLES HENRY ROCKWELL,

A WELL KNOWN NEW YORK ACTOR; DIED MAY 15.

that the bigger the scandal the greater the boddle.

## Matthew Arbuckle.

Matthew Arbuckle, the well known cornet player, died at his residence in New York city, May 23, of pulmonary disease. The deceased, who was in his fifty-fifth year, was born in Lochside, near Glasgow, Scotland. Upon attaining his thirteenth year he joined the band of the Twenty-sixth Cameronians, and served with them during the first "opium war" in China and during the Sikh war in Upper India. He first came to the United States about thirty years ago, and became a member of Gilmore's Band in Boston, Mass. With it he went to the war with the 24th Massachusetts regiment. Since that time he has held various positions as a musician and cornet player. The principal of these was doubtless that of band-master of the Ninth Regiment Band, which was tendered him in August, 1880. Arbuckle's tone was firm and pure, and his execution always well phrased and clear. He had many friends, and his death is generally regretted.

## Charley Rockwell's Demise.

Charles Henry Rockwell, the well known New York actor, joined the majority on the 15th of May, at his residence, No. 18 West Twentieth street. Apoplexy was the immediate cause of his death. The funeral took place on the 17th, and as the deceased had always abhorred what he termed "actors' public funerals," the ceremony was of the simplest kind, there being even no pall-bearers. Rockwell was born in Hartford about twenty-seven years ago. He was a great favorite in the "profesh."

HART and Hughes, the pedestrians, had one of their regular pugilistic encounters at Kieran's Monumental Theatre in Baltimore, on May 31, during the six-day go-as-you-please race. In the brief "scrap" the colored man had the worst of the fighting, and he appeared on the track afterward with a "black eye."



## A MANIAC LOVER.

A BRIDEGRoOM, SEIZED WITH HYDROPHOBIA, KILLS HIS WIFE ON THEIR MARRIAGE NIGHT.



WILLIAM H. BECKER,

A READING, PA., POLICE SERGEANT RECENTLY ALMOST MURDERED BY A HORSE THIEF.

Adye and his wife, and remonstrated with her on her conduct. She said all she had done was to take luncheon with the lieutenant. The husband kept watch, and ultimately discovered a letter from the co-respondent, which was of such a character that he wrote to him, and accused him of availing himself of his privileges as a friend to blight his happiness for life. The co-respondent replied denying the charge. The petitioner, however, forgave his wife, and matters went on well for some time. In August, 1882, Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope were staying at Cowes, at Stanhope lodge, the residence of the Countess of Harrington, and the respondent left on the understanding that she was going to see her mother in London, but it was found that she did not do so, and the petitioner, acting on the information of a person named Burgess, who had been watching the parties, presented the petition under the circumstances that would be detailed in evidence.



JESSIE BELLE BUCKNER,

THE LOUISVILLE INTRIGUANTE WHO CAUSED THE THOMPSON-DAVIS SHOOTING.

## DEATH IN THE AIR.

### A Terrible Panic on the Aerial Footway of the Brooklyn Bridge.

### Crowds Thronging the Footway on Decoration Day Stampeded by Pickpockets.

### Women and Children Trampled on and Crushed to Death by the Frightened Crowd.

### Twelve Corpses Dragged from the Closely Wedged and Trampled Mass of Humanity and Twenty Wounded Carried to the Hospitals.

[Subject of Illustrations.]

What many wise people had anticipated from the first occurred on the Brooklyn Bridge at 4 P.M. on Decoration Day. At that hour the crowd on the narrow footway of the bridge was closely wedged together and moving slowly to and fro in the closest possible moving order. There were all kinds of people in the throng—young and old, rich and poor—with a large proportion of small children. The holiday had been taken advantage of by all classes for a visit to the great bridge while all the strangers in town of course flocked thither the moment the military parade was over. We have noticed from our lofty windows which give us a birdseye view of every part of the bridge, promenade and roadways, that the management of the thoroughfare amounts to about none at all. The police, as far as we have seen, have either been incompetent to handle the rough element of the crowds that gathered there, or unwilling to take the trouble of making the effort. However this may be, it is certain that crooks of all sorts have paraded on the bridge right under our eye ever since the thoroughfare has been opened, and have been preying on the people with the utmost profit and impunity. Decoration Day was a great chance for them and they availed themselves of it. No locality offered the advantages of the bridge walk, and there they prowled in unusual numbers working their bunco games and picking pockets without fear of the small and almost blind force of bridge police. In their greediness these thieves brought on a terrible catastrophe which resulted in the wildest scene of terror we ever witnessed, and which has been set faithfully before our readers in the pictorial pages of this issue, our artists having sketched the scenes represented from actual observation from the roof of the POLICE GAZETTE building while the panic on the bridge was at its height.

At 4 P.M. when the crowd was pressing by in its greatest numbers, a party of thieves made an obstruction of the movement at the steps near the bridge tower on the New York side. They raised an excitement and got up a pretended scuffle to enable their pals to pick pockets with impunity. A woman, alarmed by the cries, shrieked and attempted to hasten down the steps. She fell and the surging crowd coming both ways fell over her. A panic of the most terrible proportions ensued. In a moment the narrow stairway was choked with men, women and children, who were piled on top of each other and who were being crushed to death by the crowds rushing mercilessly upon and over them.

Eye-witnesses differ as to the exact time at which the terrible accident occurred, but all agree that it was a few minutes after 4 o'clock. There had been thousands of persons on the bridge all day, but at no time had there been anything like a crush. Engineer Martin had ordered that foot passengers be allowed to use the roadways on either side of the promenade, and at 4 o'clock many persons were using these roadways, while the footpath was entirely filled with throngs pouring slowly and steadily in either direction. At the moment the accident happened the crowd at the stairway at the end of the New York approach, who were coming toward the city, met a similar crowd pushing along in an opposite direction. As the two throngs met there was an interruption in the movement, while those further away kept struggling forward, making a dense mass of men, women and children at the stairway.

There are thirteen steps, broken into two flights by a landing seven feet wide. The lower flight has six steps, each seven inches high and eight wide in the clear. The upper flight has seven steps of the same width and height. The top of the iron fence on each side of the stairway forms a hand-rail. The stairs are too narrow when the width of the pass-way is considered. As nearly as could be ascertained from the excited persons who were in the throng, or saw it, the crowd was just getting disentangled when a middle-aged woman, coming down the steps toward New York, lost her footing and fell. Bridge Policeman Frederick Richter, who was standing near the head of the stairs, saw the woman fall and sprang to her assistance. She fell on her knees on the centre landing of the stairway just as the chocks reached her. The officer caught hold of her arm and pulled her down the remainder of the stairs and to one side. At the same moment a woman at the head of the stairway seeing Richter dragging somebody through the crowd, began to scream at the top of her voice. I saw a woman who lay on her back just below the

stairway could not hold back the throng, and in an instant three or four persons were carried off their feet and fell. Those on the promenade above the stairway knowing nothing of the fearful crush on the steps, surged ahead with irresistible force, and in a moment the whole stairway was packed with dead and dying men, women and children, piled one upon another in a writhing, struggling mass. Cries, shrieks, yells and groans filled the air at the stairway, while those on the promenade above yelled and shouted as they were pushed forward and rolled and tumbled over the poor unfortunate who were being crushed and trampled to death beneath them. The scene was indescribable. Children were torn from the arms of their parents, men and women sprang on the backs of those in front of them and fought their way over the mass of heads and scrambled off as best they could. One man leaped high in the air, fell forward at the lower end of the human mass, picked himself up, and ran like a madman to the Chatham street entrance, where he disappeared in the street.

Several gentlemen who were upon the edge of the human mass rushed to the toll men and begged of them not to permit any more people to go upon the bridge, but they refused to pay any attention. One exclaimed that there was a terrible accident and received for a reply, "I don't take any orders; see the superintendent," but there was no superintendent to be found, and even while people lay dead and dying upon the anchorage others were passing in crowds through the gates from New York.

For fully 15 minutes—perhaps longer, for it seemed an age—this scene of terror was being enacted, baffling description. An idea of the awful crush may be obtained from the fact that a truck load of torn clothing was afterward carted away from the scene, while a great quantity of apparel and loose articles was sunk in the river.

In the terrible struggle for life men and women fought with the strength which was lent by despair, intensified by the utter impossibility of escape, the pressure coming from both sides, every being groaning with anguish and crying for mercy, death staring them in the face, and those above with limbs broken, heads crushed or internally injured so that they could not move, while out of the gates on Chatham street, of the mass that was moving, many walked with pain, all were more or less scratched, torn and bleeding, hatless, coatless, dressed in rags and frightened almost to death.

The alarm had meanwhile been given at the bridge entrance. From the City Hall police station a general call for all ambulances was sent out, and policemen were hurried over upon the bridge. From the neighboring quarters of Hook and Ladder Truck No. 1 firemen followed with their apparatus to assist. They found the situation still unaltered at the bridge. The crowd on the footwalk above the steps was constantly receiving accession from Brooklyn, and still pressing on and over the heap on the anchorage. The bodies of the dead and dying lay here so firmly wedged together that to extricate them was next to impossible. To beat back the crowd was equally impossible. Relief was possible only by making room for the crowd to spread sideways. It was quickly done. Willing hands tore away the iron railing dividing footway from railroad track on both sides, and dragged those who were nearest in the crush through the openings. It helped. Room was made for the policemen to reach the frightful heap of human flesh, and the work of clearing it away began. As soon as a portion of the obstruction was removed from the steps the crowd was eased and a portion was let through to the New York station. The rest was forced back until all the bodies had been taken away. Then it was let through and a body of policemen at the point of danger kept it from pressing there.

Along the iron fences on the footway, on the railroad track and on the carriage way on both sides of the bridge, the dead and wounded were laid. More than half a score were dead when extracted from the throbbing heap; others were more or less terribly injured. They lay six or eight or ten deep, these in the lower tiers long dead.

Those who were in the deadly whirl of the panic have thrilling stories to tell. Among them Mr. H. Abercrombie, of Skaneateles, comes out strong with the following graphic description of the terrible scene in which he involuntarily took part, and his emotions thereupon. He said: "I came to New York to buy goods for my store. After seeing the parade I went on the bridge. At 3:30 P.M. I stopped to buy a ten-cent medal or I should have been on the first step where the crush occurred. After the purchase I walked along. I was 25 yards from the steps, and I went toward them. I noticed a jam on the steps and stood watching the immense throng. A man got on the ironwork and beckoned to the crowd to go back. He was not a policeman. I saw no policeman there. I heard a scream, and other screams followed. The crowd surged back, and I jumped over the fence."

"The jam centered on the steps. I went along the stone sides and walked along and hung on to the railing with one hand. Just as I got up on the north side of the fence the crowd swayed toward New York and threw a girl down on the right hand corner. She went over sideways and forward, and fell on her face. Then four men and women fell on her. The crowd cried, 'Everybody come over and get away, for God's sake!' I had been used to handling small gangs of men. I yelled to them to get over the rail, and pulled a man over. I got him over and the woman next to him, and after a hard struggle got them so that they stood along the ironwork."

"Meanwhile children and men and women were falling all over the steps. I got people over the rail until no more could stand there. Two bridge men came and put planks from the stonework down to the open bed of the roadway below. They began to get people down that way. Then I got up on top of the ironwork and gave them a hand. They were jammed so that they could not move themselves. I pulled out two middle-aged women and one girl, whose mother begged me, with tears, to save her. I got her and her mother out. I got out a man next—a tall man with side whiskers. We had to hold up the woman and the girl, they were so exhausted."

"Meanwhile the crowd going east surged back and tried to pull out the people who were buried. People kept coming on the bridge and adding to the crowd. The crowd at the top of the steps was unable to hold back, and kept going over the steps. I saw two men climb on top of the heads of the crowd and throw themselves right over. Gradually those in front contrived to repress the crowd behind them, and those who had fallen and been buried at the foot of the steps were pulled out."

"I have had some tuition in medicine. I felt the pulse of a number of those who were taken out. The first was a woman who lay on her back just below the

steps, with one arm twisted under her and the other hand clutching the remnant of a child's shawl. She had gray hair. Her forehead had been cut by the fall, and her face was stained with blood. Her pulse was almost imperceptible. I believe she died before they got her off the bridge."

"Next to her lay a Chinaman. He was stone dead. Lying half across the Chinaman was a young woman with dishevelled reddish hair. Her clothing was torn. I could not tell whether she was breathing or not. Her pulse was almost imperceptible."

"Just beyond her lay another woman who had evidently been trampled on. I put my ear to her heart, but discovered no evidences of life."

"Next to her lay a woman whose neck was twisted backward and whose hands were clinched. She was stone dead."

"The next woman's pulse was almost imperceptible. A man lay half across her stark dead. He had evidently been trampled to death at the beginning of the struggle. Besides these there were many who had been carted away before I made any examination. Many of those taken away were dead. Two grocery wagons, hurriedly brought in, were driven away full of bodies, dead or living."

The killed outright, numbering twelve, were laid in the Chambers street hospital. All but two were identified in a few hours, and their names were given as follows:

George Smith, No. 42 Watts street.

Maud Crawford, West Thirty-seventh street.

Mrs. Jerush Bozzeler, 42 years, No. 302 Plymouth

street, Brooklyn.

James O'Brien, 33 years, delivery clerk in the em-

ploy of the Pennsylvania Railroad, No. 88 Laight

street, Brooklyn.

Ellen Riordan, No. 36 Montgomery street.

Sarah Hennessy, No. 190 Union avenue, Jersey City.

Ah Ling, Chinese, tobacco dealer, Baxter street.

Margaret Sullivan, 14 years, No. 113 Monroe street.

Eliza Kaston, 60 years, No. 185 Griffith street, Jersey

City.

Mrs. Emma C. Sherwood, Bridgeport, Conn.

An unknown man, about 60 years of age, with white

air and side whiskers, dressed in a dark suit.

An unknown boy, about 15 years, very light hair, checkered shirt and dark trowsers, in the pocket of which was a ticket from the Second street Methodist Episcopal Sunday school.

Over twenty were so badly injured that they were taken to the hospitals, and many of them are not expected to recover.

Chief Francis Mahedy, of the Second Battalion of the Fire Department, who assumed entire control when called to the scene of the panic, gave the following account of the occurrence:

"At about 1:15 we had been called down to a slight fire on that end of the bridge where the calson originally was, so that when at 4:35 a still alarm, which means either a fire or accident, was sent out our hook and ladder truck was on the scene in a moment. At the stairway the scene was a horrible one. An inextricable mass of women and children, dead and dying, were lying heaped together and uttering the most heartrending groans and shrieks. Everything was confusion and disorder. Seeing that all that was needed was somebody to take command, I immediately placed the policemen and several members of the Twelfth Regiment, who were present, under orders. Then we drove the crowd back, and proceeded to extricate the dead and dying.

"Every wagon that was available I immediately put into service for carrying away the bodies. Then I sent a general call for all the ambulances, which soon arrived. After inquiring of a man, who appeared to be in authority, whether there was any telegraphic communication with the Brooklyn side of the bridge, and getting a negative answer, I ordered a telegram sent to the Brooklyn Superintendent of Police to prevent the people coming over from that city. At the time of the accident and for quite a while after, people still poured over, unconscious of the accident, almost causing another panic. Most of the bridge officials were also unaware of the occurrence until the appearance of the firemen notified them that something was wrong."

"The entire accident was caused by thieves," continued Chief Mahedy. "While a German and his family were crossing a thief snatched the man's watch. This was perceived by the wife. With a scream the woman made a run for the rascal, at the same time calling out, 'You've got my husband's watch.' On some one inquiring what was the matter another of the gang of thieves cried out, 'The bridge has broken down.' Then the people ran like frightened sheep, throwing each other down in their mad flight and heartlessly trampling on the poor little children, who fell screaming in their path."

"That's the whole cause of the affair, and I have often noticed the gang who stand at the abutment on the New York side. There were crowds of them around at the time I arrived, waiting to make a 'haul.'

"The bridge is actually lined with thieves at nightfall, and numerous bawdy steerers watch for their country victims at that part of the bridge all day long. I consider that it is either gross negligence or stupidity that there is no telegraphic communication between the two ends of the bridge and between the bridge and the firemen and police."

"Tragedy on the bridge was said, by the toll-takers and officers, to be as large the day after as it was the day before the panic. The casualty of Wednesday did not seem to deter the people from crossing. Hundreds went to see the spot where the accident happened. The bridge officers were instructed to keep the throngs moving and walking to the right. Confusion and blockades were entirely avoided in this way. Passengers, particularly in the middle of the day, were inclined to loiter, but they were ordered to move on. There were two officers of the New York city police force and two of the bridge officers on the steps where the accident took place. One of the latter was John Champion, who was buried under the writhing mass of human beings the afternoon before. His back pained him and he could scarcely speak. He was watchful and kept his eye on the crowds coming from the New York side, which were larger than those approaching from Brooklyn. He was ready to order the roadway opened for pedestrians the minute that the crowd should become too large. Policemen kept the spaces about the towers clear, and two policemen were patrolling the centre of the bridge. There were twelve of the regular officers, half of the force, and ten of the employees serving as officers on the bridge. They went on duty at six in the morning and remained until six in the evening. Pedestrians were not inclined to dispute the authority of the officers except in a few instances, and there were no disturbances. Only a few of the

men were in uniform. It was said they all would be by the first of next week and then it was expected they would exert a better influence on the crowds. Some of the officers carried clubs and others canes.

There were not many traces of the casualty about the bridge. Blood spots were still to be seen on the steps and the pavement, and in the railway tracks were pieces of ribbons and clothing. There were planks in the place of the two lengths of iron fence taken down to remove the dead and injured to the roadways. Back on the bridge, where people were jammed together in a living mass, there were vestiges of the occurrence. Looking over the parapets parts of feathers from women's hats and pieces of umbrellas were here and there clinging to the iron work.

The remains of a dude were then feelingly reviewed by a reporter:

"Piled in one corner of the muster room in the Oak street police station was a collection that would have delighted the soul of an 'old clo' man. Hats, boots, shoes, gloves, skirts, umbrellas, parasols, and canes composed a miscellaneous lot of articles that had either been picked up on the bridge after the accident, or in the yards and streets beneath. There were upwards of 50 hats, from the straw to the black felt of a woman with its bedraggled feathers. Somebody with an eye to order had placed the umbrellas and parasols by themselves. A similar disposition was made of all the canes save one. This stood dignified and alone in a separate corner. It was of polished white, willow wood, of wonderfully symmetrical proportions, pointed with a new steel ferrule and with a neat but not gaudy handle. In every way it was qualified to fill the office of attendant to a gentleman of elegance and leisure. There was no doubt this was a dude's cane, and it was tenderly separated from its hard-headed, less effeminate companions and given a place by itself. But where was the dude himself? No person answering that description was among the injured or the dead at the hospitals. The pile of shoes, hats and clothing contained nothing that could ever have been associated with him. He must have vanished like a puff of smoke. That he suffered crumpling and was subject to something resembling mental agitation was evident by the presence of his companion in the police station. No dude was ever known to part with his cane unless driven to desperation and absolute despair. The cane had not been called for by its owner up to the hour of 2 o'clock this morning. It will soon be transferred to the possession of the property clerk at Police headquarters. Mulberry street is one of the greatest levellers of distinction in the entire city, and unless sooner identified the dude's cane is fated to disappear from 'the public gaze in a pile of other cast-off rubbish in the lumber garret. For the articles of clothing there were a few claimants. A straw hat had its brim completely knocked out, and the owner, after identifying it and dubiously eyeing it for a moment, declined to repossess himself of an article that would only provoke the scorn of the world upon its first reappearance in public. Whatever of value was found by the police was sent to police headquarters, where the owner can receive it by proving property to the satisfaction of the clerk."

There were many inquiries at the City Hall police station for property said to have been lost during the accident on the bridge. Persons inquiring for lost pocketbooks, watches, and other articles of jewelry were referred to headquarters. A gentleman claimed to have lost a valuable gold watch, but as it was carried loosely in his pocket, he could not say whether it was stolen or lost when he was thrown down in the crowd. One lady was very much grieved over the loss of an ear-ring, and annoyed because the police could not find and restore it to her. There were several similarly ludicrous requests for the recovery of property of but little value, articles that would have been ground to powder under the feet of the throng.

Mr. Abraham Kennett, of Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, while conversing with the police officers stationed at the Brooklyn end of the bridge late on Wednesday night, said that he had predicted that a fearful accident would happen in just the place and the manner that Wednesday's disaster occurred. He declared that while walking across the bridge from Brooklyn to New York he encountered a dense crowd of people near the stairs leading down from the high promenade to the New York approach. He found that a woman had been wedged so tightly against the bulging iron railing at the foot of the stairway that she could not move. People were going both ways, and a friend who was with the unfortunate woman could not get near her. Finally she was lifted up over the railing—the same railing which was taken down on Wednesday to enable the victims of the panic to be removed—and it required some time for her to regain sufficient strength to walk. "Had she been like some women and screamed," said Mr. Kennett, "there would surely have been a panic."

At the time of the greatest rush on the bridge on Decoration Day there were nearly 100 policemen on duty at the New York entrance regulating the immense traffic there. No New York policemen were on duty on the bridge. The accident in the opinion of Inspector Murray was due chiefly to the lack of system in handling the immense throng of people and the negligence of the bridge police in not keeping the crowds in motion. An incident occurred late on Wednesday night which might have led to serious results. A half drunken truckman drove across the bridge from Brooklyn at a furious rate, endangering the lives of pedestrians upon the roadway, yet no attempt was made by the police on the bridge to restrain him, and it was not until he dashed out of the New York entrance, driving like mad and yelling like a Comanche Indian, that he was arrested by a policeman of the Twenty-sixth precinct.

Sergt. Conlin, of the City Hall police station, who was in command in that precinct at the time the accident occurred, and who received the reports of the officers, says that the accident was one that was bound to occur sooner or later owing to the faulty arrangement for the management of the crowds of visitors on foot. It was one that was likely to be repeated, in his opinion, until a rail was extended across the entire pathway from end to end. This was the only possible means of making people observe the rule and "keep to the right." Stringent police arrangements were needed to keep the people moving and to keep peddlers off the bridge, their halting to hawk their goods resulting in people crowding about them and so retarding the progress of others. Until these changes were made there was a possibility of similar accident in the future.

Trustees Stranahan, Witte and Swan discussed the matter informally with Superintendent Martin. Mr. Witte said as far as they could see, no one was responsible for the accident.

## OUR CELEBRATION.

The Grand Company Entertained by Richard K. Fox at the "Police Gazette" Palace.

The Guests Reviewed--Letters of Regret and the Festivities of the Memorable Event.

The reception given by Mr. Richard K. Fox, in the POLICE GAZETTE building, on the day of the Brooklyn Bridge opening, has elicited numerous complimentary comments from the press of the country. This is not surprising, for the reception was virtually a great tribute to the enterprise of the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, a tribute in which the President of the United States, his Cabinet, and the most reputable of our citizens joined hands. Want of space in last week's issue prevented us from doing full justice to the event. We published numerous letters from distinguished gentlemen, notably from President Arthur, Secretary of War Lincoln, Assistant Postmaster General Hatton, Secretary Folger, Hamilton Fish, Abram S. Hewitt and Major General Hancock, but were unable to give others which we present in this issue. We also omitted the names of our prominent guests.

It is no exaggeration to say that on no previous occasion was any paper in this country, for that matter in the world, ever so honored as was the POLICE GAZETTE. In the incomplete list of guests which is given in another column will be found the names of legislators, merchants, brokers, lawyers, city, State and national officials, and representatives of every reputable walk of life. The New York and Brooklyn Boards of Aldermen officially accepted the invitations tendered them, and the State Legislature sent a strong delegation. Every department in the city was represented.

The visitors came in crowds, but were not neglected. Billy McTroy, the jovial boniface of Fulton ferry, supplied the wines and other liquors. And William had no sinecure. He and his host of assistants were kept on the move from early in the morning until late at night, but they were equal to the occasion. The continuous popping of champagne corks sounded like pistol firing in an enemy's front, but in this case it was friend firing upon friend. Standing between a wall of empty bottles and a tower of champagne baskets, Billy kept his eye steadily on the advancing hosts and issued his orders with the coolness of a general who had passed through many a battle.

"How do you stand it, Billy?" a friend asked.

"I can stand it as long as Mr. Fox can," he replied, with a grim smile.

And he did his duty well.

The private offices of the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE were thronged with his friends. The ladies were enthusiastic over the elegant floral decorations--the work of Le Monit, the celebrated Bowery florist--and the gentlemen gave their attention to the golden medals for athletes and--the wines. It was a family party throughout. In the dining room a regiment of waiters attended to the orders of a brigade of pleasure seekers. The following card speaks for itself:

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE  
IN COMMEMORATION OF  
THE OPENING  
OF THE  
BROOKLYN BRIDGE,  
THURSDAY, MAY 24th, 1883.

MENU.

Boned Spiced Salmon. Pickled Mussels.  
Lobster Salad. Potato Salad. Chicken Salad.  
Roast Turkey. Boned Turkey (in Jelly).  
Barbecue Lamb. Barbecue Ox. Barbecue Pig.  
Boned Capon (in Jelly). Fillet of Beef (in Jelly).  
Ribs of Roast Beef. Rump of Corned Beef.  
Boiled Tongue.  
French Sandwiches.  
Assorted Ice Cream. Fancy Cakes. Ices.  
Fruit and Bon-Bons.  
Ice Coffee.  
Wines. Champagne. Sherry. Claret.  
Cognac. Whiskey.  
Milwaukee Beer.

Geo. A. Morris, Caterer, 220 South Fifth Avenue.

The decorations on the exterior of the building won the admiration of the thousands who viewed them. It was generally conceded that the decorations were unequalled either in New York or Brooklyn. This work was done by the "Unexcelled Fireworks Co.," of Park place, and the Manager, C. H. Koster, superintended the magnificent display of day fire works given on the roof of the POLICE GAZETTE building.

On every floor one was certain to meet gentlemen of national and local reputation. In one corner entertaining a bevy of friends, the writer saw Col. John R. Fellows, the silver voiced and accomplished Assistant District Attorney of this city. Near by were Judges James R. Angel and John Courtney. Harry Kennedy, the ventriloquist and author of the popular song "Empty is the Cradle," entertained his listeners with stories which he had learned from Tom Nolan before the late war. Sheriff Brown, of Staten Island, amused himself by palming off on some of his rural friends a picture of Ald. Duffy which he insisted was a faithful representation of Jim Mace. The gray-haired veteran, Detective Samson, the hero of a score of brilliant captures, indulged in thrilling reminiscences of the past; and Wales, the adroit cartoonist of *The Judge*, kept his eye open for subjects. Probably the handsomest man present was Assemblyman John McManus, who looked his best when singing:

"Did your never hear of Captain Wattle?"

He was all for love and a little for the bottle."

Superintendent Walling and Chief Bates hobnobbed together. Assemblyman M. C. Earl, Patrick Burns and David Lindsay listened attentively to the solemn words of advice given them by Judge Nehbrass, while the gigantic Dr. Bell, now of Brooklyn, paralyzed the brewer, Mr. Bernard Leary, with the tales of his exploits on the great *at* Belfast. Gus Phillips

(Oofy Goat), had all within sound of his voice roaring over his yarn about the Dutchman who refused to believe that he had been transformed into an Irishman. Frank Stevenson, mistaken for a clergyman by many of the visitors, kept up the joke when introduced as a divine, and those gallant firemen, Capt. Joe Magill and Marty Cook, struck Harry Hill dumb with the stories of their thrilling escapes. Over all the throng shone the benevolent, smiling features of Thos. Vernon, representative of the great firm of Vernon Brothers & Co., paper manufacturers. But we lack the space to mention all who were present. It is sufficient to say that the affair passed off pleasantly, and was voted a success in every respect.

Owing to the crowd that attended the festivities, Mr. Richard K. Fox decided to give a private reception to President Arthur, who had signified his intention of inspecting the establishment. This private entertainment was to have taken place this week, but has been postponed until the days of the summer vacation, on the request and special appointment of the President himself, for reasons that the following letter will explain:

NEW YORK CITY, May 27, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR--The President directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 26th inst., and to express his regrets that other engagements will prevent him from accepting at this time your kind invitation to visit your establishment. He was quite impressed with the appearance of your building during his visit to the Brooklyn Bridge.

Very respectfully yours,

F. J. PHILLIPS, Private Secretary.

Annexed are a few of the letters we received. The first is from a gentleman whose fame as a humorist, traveller and statesman is world wide.

MAY 20, 1883.

MY DEAR MR. FOX--Your kind and thoughtful and hospitable invitation to view the bridge ceremonies from your publishing house was forwarded to me at Washington, else it would have been answered sooner. Long may the "gala day" continue for your prosperous journal--"a perpetual feast of retained sweets"--as the antidote against the ills of society which your duty and business must "Gazette" day after day. If it be permitted, I shall be happy to avail myself of your tender--but as an M. C. perhaps I may be called to be in line. With thanks for thinking of me, I am yours truly,

S. S. COX.

Mr. Richard K. Fox.

U. S. TREASURY DEPARTMENT,  
SECRET SERVICE DIVISION, NEW YORK DISTRICT.  
NEW YORK, May 23, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq., Proprietor of the National Police Gazette, New York:

MY DEAR SIR--I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to be present and partake of the hospitalities of your establishment on the occasion of the opening of the great East River Bridge on May 24, 1883.

In reply, I have the honor to say, I thank you for the compliment and shall be proud to accept the same. Very respectfully,

A. L. DRUMMOND,  
Op. S. S. Division.

CITY OF NEW YORK,  
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC PARKS, 36 UNION SQUARE.  
May 21, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

DEAR SIR--You will please to accept my thanks for your courteous invitation to share the hospitalities of your establishment on Thursday, May 24, to witness the ceremonies of the formal opening of the East River Bridge.

As I am a member of the city government, I shall have a place assigned to me in the procession. Respectfully yours,

S. H. WALES.

453 CLASON AVENUE, BROOKLYN.

Hon. Richard K. Fox:

DEAR SIR--If possible, I shall be glad to accept your invitation for the 24th. Thanking you for the courteous remembrance, I remain yours sincerely,

ALFRED CHAPIN.

Mr. Chapin was Speaker of the Assembly at its last session. He is mentioned as candidate for Mayor of Brooklyn.

TEMPLE COURT,  
NEW YORK, May 19, 1883.

DEAR SIR--Your kind invitation to partake of the hospitalities of the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House is here. I am very much obliged to you indeed, and will endeavor to appear in person and thank you.

Hoping that the 24th will be a fine day and that you will be happy, I am very truly yours,

JOHN W. BROWNING.

[The above letter is from State Senator Browning, a gentleman whose beauty is equalled only by his virtues.]

"PUCK," 21, 23 & 25 WARREN STREET.

MY DEAR MR. FOX--Your kind invitation received, if I can get over I shall do so: we are very busy here now. I hope your affair will be a success. Yours very truly,

FRED B. OPPER.

[Mr. Opper is one of the verest cartoonists of America. He is one of *Puck's* stars.]

NAVY DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq., Police Gazette Publishing Co., New York:

DEAR SIR--I thank you for your invitation to accept the hospitalities of your establishment on the 24th inst., and regret my inability to accept it, as it will not be possible for me to be present on the occasion which promises to be of surpassing interest. Yours respectfully,

JNO. W. HOGG, C. C.

23 PARK ROW, N. Y., May 21, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq., N. Y. City:

MY DEAR SIR--I have to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to be present at the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House on the 24th inst., to witness the formal opening of the great East River Bridge, and for which I return you my thanks.

I regret to say, however, that having accepted a previous invitation, I shall not be able to be present. Very respectfully yours,

JOHN KELLY.

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE,  
CITY OF BROOKLYN, May 9, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq., Proprietor Police Gazette:

DEAR SIR--I am in receipt of your kind invitation to share the hospitalities of your establishment on the occasion of the opening of the bridge on the 24th inst. I have respectfully to inform you that my arrangements for that day will preclude the possibility of my acceptance of your invitation. Very respectfully yours,

P. CAMPBELL,

Supt. of Police.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Tuesday, 22d, 1883.

Richard K. Fox:

DEAR SIR--A short note, to acquaint you with the reason I could not accept your kind invitation to witness the opening of the bridge. I had several engagements round about Saratoga, and Friday and Saturday me and Madden give exhibitions at Washington; but allow me to thank you all the same. I have nothing in the way of news to tell you that would interest you; but believe me when I say that anything I can do for you I will do with pleasure for kindnesses received at your hands. Hoping that you are enjoying good health, believe me to remain yours, respectfully,

C. MITCHELL,  
Champion of England.

"DAILY ADVERTISER,"  
ALBANY, N. Y., May 16, 1883.

To Richard K. Fox, Editor Police Gazette:

The editor of the *Advertiser* acknowledges with thanks the kind invitation of Mr. Fox to accept of hospitalities on the occasion of the opening of the new Brooklyn Bridge, but regrets his inability to be present.

GEO. R. PACK.

THE "ITEM,"  
PHILADELPHIA, May 10.

With pleasure the editor of the *Item* accepts the polite invitation of the editors of the POLICE GAZETTE for May 24.

Thanks to Mr. Richard K. Fox.

THE WILLIAMSBURG NEWS COMPANY,  
No. 203 BROADWAY,  
BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 16, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

DEAR SIR--Your very kind invitation to witness the opening of the bridge from your "king of publishing houses" at hand, and I assure you I will avail myself of the opportunity if possible. Yours truly,

G. J. COGHLAN,

Cashier.

READING, PA., May 17, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

DEAR SIR--Your card of invitation to the hospitalities of your establishment on the 24th inst., to witness the ceremonies of the formal opening of the great East River Bridge, has been received.

Ever since the receipt of your invitation I have been trying to arrange my business to be with you on that date, but now find that I cannot do so. With thanks for your kindness, I am respectfully yours,

JESSE G. HAWLEY,

Proprietor of *Reading Eagle*.

"WALLACK'S."

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

DEAR SIR--Please accept my thanks for your kind invitation for Thursday, May 24, and my regret that sickness will prevent my being present on that interesting occasion.

Very respectfully,

THE MOSS.

HAGEN & BILLING, BANKERS AND BROKERS,  
No. 1 WALL STREET,  
NEW YORK, May 23, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq., Police Gazette Publishing House, Franklin Square:

DEAR SIR--Acknowledging your kind invitation to an entertainment taking place to-morrow to celebrate the formal opening of the New York and Brooklyn bridge, I regret exceedingly that a previous engagement deprives me of the pleasure to participate in the festivities which you are preparing for your friends.

With hearty thanks for the compliment conferred upon me by your invitation,

I am very truly yours,

OTTO WITTE.

WEST LIBERTY, Iowa, May 23, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette, New York:

The editor of the *Iowa Farmer*, of Cedar Rapids, sends his regrets that he cannot be with you to-morrow, as contemplated. Best regards, however, to you and other friends of the press.

ALEX. CHARLES, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, May 24, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Prop. Police Gazette, New York:

I am exceedingly sorry that business prevents my sharing the very kind hospitalities tendered me by you to witness the opening of the East River Bridge this date. Very respectfully,

SAM'L I. GIVEN,

Chief of Police.

ALBANY, May 20, 1883.

Dr. Wm. H. Craig, Postmaster at Albany, N. Y., regrets his inability to accept the kind invitation of Richard K. Fox, Esq., to share the hospitalities of the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House on the occasion of the formal opening of the great East River Bridge, Thursday, May 24, 1883.

THE "OMAHA REPUBLICAN,"

OMAHA, Neb., May 24, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette, New York:

DEAR SIR--Acknowledging your courteous invitation to accept your hospitality on the occasion of the ceremonies of the formal opening of the East River Bridge, please accept my sincere thanks and my regrets. Pressing business keeps me at home, and as I will go to New York in August, I could not well make two trips so near together, even if I had the time to spare.

Very truly,

I. W. MINER.

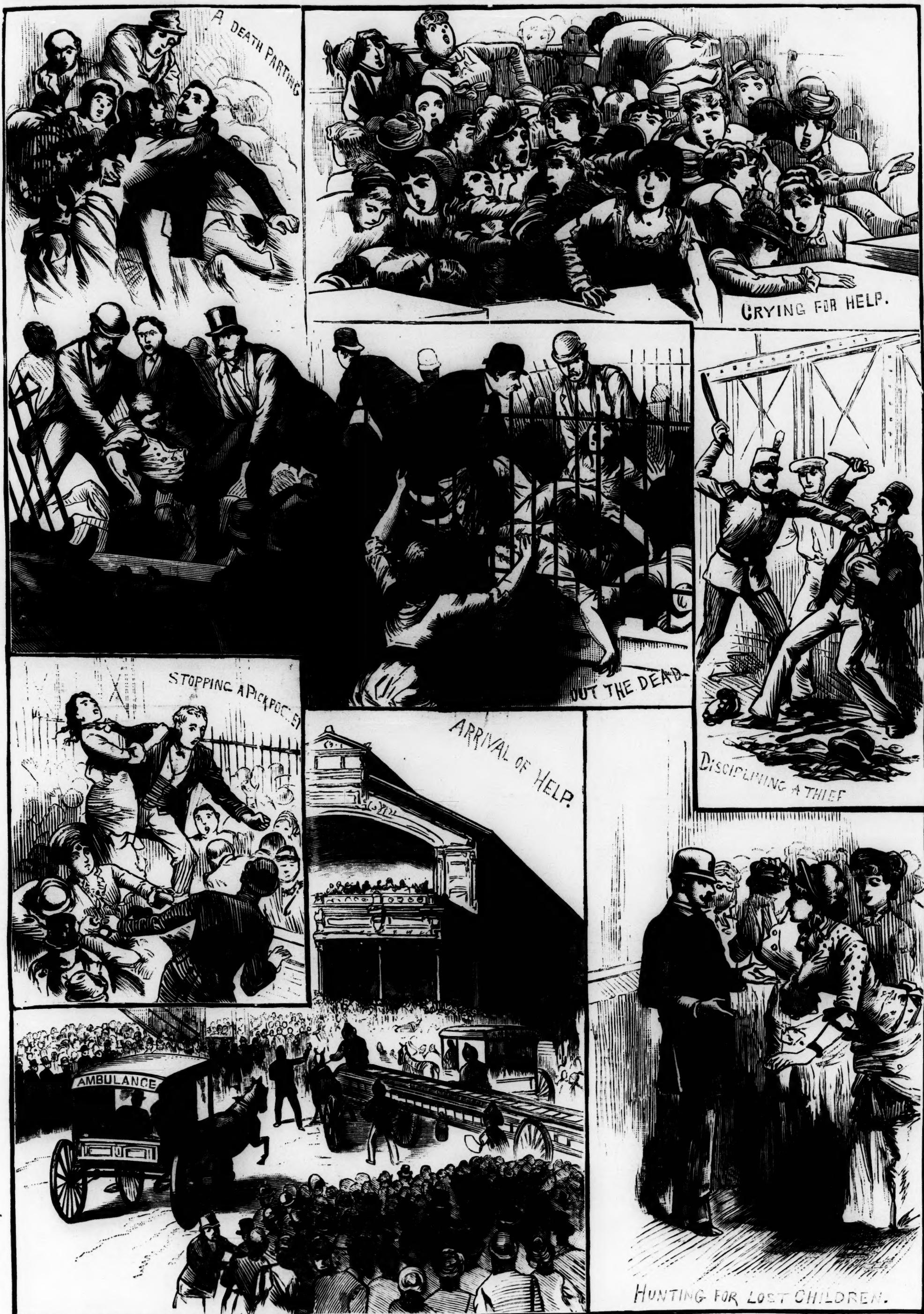
SIXTH DISTRICT POLICE COURT,

&lt;p



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE BAPTIZED IN BLOOD.

FATAL PANIC AMONG THE PROMENADERS ON THE AERIAL HIGHWAY ON DECORATION DAY, THAT GAVE A DEEP SHADE OF HORROR TO THE TENDER MEMORIES OF THE CONSECRATED FESTIVAL.



## INCIDENTS OF THE BRIDGE HORROR.

THE STRUGGLES OF THE CRUSHED AND FRANTIC CROWD, THE EFFORTS OF THE RESCUERS THE WORK OF TAKING OUT THE DEAD, AND THE OPERATIONS OF THE PICKPOCKETS.

## THE PRIZE RING.

## Bitter Animosities of the Old Timers of the American Ring.

## The Hyer and Sullivan Factions, and How they Led their Champions to a Ring Fight.

After the defeat of Bob Caunt by Yankee Sullivan, May 11, 1847, near Harper's Ferry, Va., the friends of the cunning and tricky Sullivan grew somewhat noisy in their talk about the invincibility of the honorable gentleman from Cork (Sullivan was a native of Bandon, Ireland), for Sullivan had polished off Caunt in seven rounds, which occupied just twelve minutes, and Young America (Hyer) stood next for chastisement from the man with the head like a Connemara ram. Sullivan's friends might well be proud of him, for (like the present champion, John L. Sullivan) every inch of him was pluck and every hair he had sprouted endurance. New York at this time was not large enough for Hibernian pugnacity, and much of it overflowed in a military form, aiding to carry our glorious flag on to victory in Mexico or acquiring wealth in the El Dorado. However, there was plenty of muscle and pluck left, and Park row and Chatham square also had their fields of glory. While our Hibernian friends accounted Sullivan an cock of the walk, our native American boys considered Tom Hyer a fair specimen of that sort of American eagle who could make buzzards get out of the way. Such influences and discussions usually acquire an accumulative force. Go-betweens busied themselves between Sullivan and Hyer. Personally they were men eminently adapted for mutual respect and friendship. But sport must be had, and the consequence was that Sullivan could not meet Hyer in the street, or anywhere, without going through a sort of game cock pantomime. Hyer was always cool and collected, never exhibited any rash perturbation, but gently hinted (and the go-betweens were always ready to carry the news) that he had no objection to a regular ring fight, provided the stakes were sufficient to make it an object of interest. While this was the state of affairs, one evening in April, 1848, Yankee Sullivan entered a well known restaurant on the corner of Broadway and Park place, where Hyer was sitting. After having indulged somewhat freely in champagne, Sullivan grew quarrelsome and unreasonably so.

He wantonly assaulted Hyer, when the latter jumped to his feet and the thrashing he then and there gave the impudent "Yankee" taught him a lesson, for the giant left him bleeding and insensible. In short, the conqueror of the great Hammer Lane received more than he bargained for and Hyer stock was boomed up all over New York. Sullivan was bound to return the compliment. He was not certain he could thrash Hyer in an off-hand bout, but he had not the slightest doubt he could beat him by tactics in the prize ring. On June 1, 1848, just six weeks after Hyer thrashed Sullivan off-hand in a polite manner, the following challenge appeared in the New York *Herald*:

NEW YORK, June 1, 1848.

To the Editor of the *Herald*:

About six weeks since, while in a saloon on the corner of Park place and Broadway, in a condition rendering me unable to defend myself against any attack, I was assaulted in a most cowardly manner by a man of the name of Hyer. On the strength of it accounts of the occurrence appeared in a number of the newspapers, false in every particular, and which must have been inserted by Hyer himself or his friends. If I had been beaten in a fair fight, and by a person who knew anything at all about fighting, or one who had the courage to fight like a man, I should have taken no notice of it; but I consider it due to my friends to inform them in this way of the real character of the occurrence. I am no Irish braggart or bully, although I am an Irishman; and I believe I can show myself worthy of my country whenever I am required. If there are any who think they can make me cry enough like a whipped child, if No. 9 Chatham street is not too far out of the way, I will be happy to have them call and make the experiment. As for Tom Hyer, I can flax him out without any exertion.

JAMES SULLIVAN.

The card of the plucky Sullivan brought out another from Hyer, in which he stated that Sullivan had assaulted him and he had merely chastised him for it, which he would do again under the same circumstances, and that he was always much more ready to fight Sullivan anywhere than in the newspapers. These two documents, though sufficiently belligerent in their tone, did not lead immediately to a match, although both parties seemed so eager to come to this point. Two months rolled on, during which the men did all their fighting in the papers. In the first week of August, 1848, however, a barroom banter of \$20 made by one of Sullivan's adherents to Hyer to the effect that he dared not make a match to fight Sullivan precipitated the affair. Hyer accepted the wager, put up the \$20, and in pursuance of its conditions a meeting was held at Ford's tavern, at No. 28 Park row, by the friends and backers of both parties on Aug. 7, 1848. To win the \$20 Hyer stood ready to make a match for \$10,000—\$5,000 a side—and put down \$100 as a temporary deposit, though this offer of such a tremendous stake seemed to stagger the many friends of Sullivan. They boldly came to the scratch with the money, however, and the match was at once agreed upon. The pugilists signed articles of agreement to fight for \$5,000 a side and the championship of America in February, 1849.

During the last week in September Sullivan gave an exhibition at the Shakespeare Hotel in William street. About 800 persons were present. The price of admission was 50 cents. Hyer was in the room and his trainer, George Thompson (Peter Crawley's "Novice," and a trainer for Hyer), had a fine set-to with Sullivan when their turn came in the programme. Country McCluskey (said to have killed or defeated sixteen Mexicans one day after dinner) was the master of the ceremonies. Among the sparring, in addition to Sullivan and Thompson, were Orville Gardner and a French gentleman, a few pairs of Chatham street Jews and some very promising New York novices. The wind-up was a glove fight between Tom O'Donnell (a trainer for Sullivan) and the redoubtable Mike Kelly. The set-to between Sullivan and Thompson was an "especial study" for Hyer.

Toward the last of November Hyer gave an exhibi-

tion at Mager's Concert Hall, 101 Elizabeth street. Here, also, the place was packed full. The "ball" was opened with George Kensey and Young McKay. Next came McStravick and Bob Saucé. After some spirited but comparatively unimportant encounters between other pugilists, Tom Hyer and George Thompson, the two young giants, gave a fine display of their best points, Thompson for striking out, and Hyer for countering, winning round after round of enthusiastic applause from a very respectable assemblage.

About the first of December, the two principals, having gradually corrected some indulgent habits, went into active training. Sullivan was attended by Country McCluskey and Tom O'Donnell, at Shaw's hotel, near the Union race course, L. I. Hyer had George Thompson and Joe Winroe at Peter Dodge's hotel, near McComb's Dam. Thus they prepared to meet in the 24 foot ring on Wednesday, the 7th February, 1849.

On the 21st December Sullivan's second exhibition came off, this time at Mager's Concert Hall. The performances of the sparring were fully equal to either of the previous exhibitions, but the attendance was not quite so numerous, as the idea prevailed that no hall then in New York would be large enough.

Sullivan and Country McCluskey gave the wind up. On the 10th January, 1849, Hyer's second exhibition took place at Mager's Concert Hall again. Of course the principal feature was another set-to between Hyer and Thompson, in which the tremendous counter-hitting of the former astonished competent judges.

As the fight between Sullivan and Ryan was to take place near the State of Virginia or Maryland, and Sullivan won the choice of ground, he set forth, by way of Philadelphia, to select a ground. The place first selected was Pool Island, in the upper part of Chesapeake Bay. On the Monday before the fight Hyer was on hand, having first landed at Cornwall's Island, near by, as a sort of dodge to any watchers or pursuers. The friends, backers, etc., of the principals were all in Baltimore, however, and the authorities of that city "put a stopper" on all steamboats or other vessels they had engaged for the spectators. Nothing daunted, however, they "made a slide" at about 10 P. M. that bright and cold night on the Chesapeake, anxious to see the sport of the morrow.

The adventures of that party would require a volume for proper recital. The spot finally selected was at Rock Point, mouth of Still-Pond creek, in Kent county, on the eastern shore of Maryland and about 40 miles from Baltimore. In the course of those comic adventures George Thompson and Tom O'Donnell became unavoidably separated, one from each of the two principal parties. Tom Burns was substituted for Thompson and Country McCluskey for O'Donnell. The stakes were made impromptu from pine billets found in the neighborhood. The ropes were contrived on the spontaneous principle from the halyards of one of the vessels from Baltimore. Snow was on the ground, but the sacred enclosure was soon nicely spaded and tilled. The principals were warming themselves in two rooms, one on each side of the main hall, in a house on the beach. Hot bricks were placed in the ring for their feet when they first arrived. Hyer's six feet two and half inches seemed to tower over Sullivan's five feet and a half inches, and the 185 pounds of the former seemed a great advantage in comparison with the 155 pounds of the latter, but Sullivan's defiant looks and plucky carriage made him appear fully equal to the emergency.

Joe Winrow, for Hyer, and Johnny Ling, for Sullivan, made the toss for choice of corners, which was won for the latter, who thus made Hyer a present of a good supply of bright sunshine coming directly in his face. Johnny Ling and Country McCluskey took Sullivan's corner as seconds, with Stephen Wilson outside as bottle holder. Tom Burns and Joe Winrow took Hyer's corner, with a brother of their principal as bottle holder. Sullivan's colors were a beautiful green, with oval spots of white. Hyer's were the all-conquering stars and stripes of our glorious republic. No outside ring had been formed, as no larger crowd would be likely to attend; but planks and logs were placed for spectators to stand upon. Some country carts were occupied as luxuries, like a box at an opera house. At 4:20 P. M., Joe Winrow announced the momentous question: "Are you ready?" Sullivan stood up like a game cock, and answered "Yes!" At that time not more than \$35 had been betted on the ground, and this was at evens. On stripping, there was an "awful pause," principally from admiration. Hyer and Sullivan shook hands very gingerly, and with mutual caution. When the seconds advanced to perform the same ceremony, the eagerness of the spectators wavered them back to their corners in the general anxiety to witness the fight.

ROUND 1. Sullivan on the dash; Hyer on the wait. Sully made a running blow with his left at Hyer's head. Falling in that, he tried to get away from a prompt counter hit made by Hyer's left, and partly succeeded in avoiding it, but Hyer instantly followed with his right and planted a stinger on Sully's forehead. Sullivan then rushed in to give body blows and, after some smart but ineffective exchanges, he clinched Hyer on the underhook for a throw. The hopes of Sullivan's friends had been mainly based upon his well known abilities as a wrestler. But now indeed he found his master. After several almost superhuman efforts, and when his best strength had been exhausted, Hyer coolly took him by the upper hold and wrenched him to the earth, making him a present of all Hyer's weight at the same time. Shouts for Hyer.

On toeing the scratch, Sully's forehead showed the ruby from the blow given by Hyer's right. The cry of "First blood for Hyer!" seemed toadden Sullivan, and take away what little caution he had. After several exchanges on eyes and bodies, and Hyer giving another stinger with his right on Sully's forehead again, the latter tried his clinch with the under hold again; but again Hyer twisted him to the ground as if he were a newspaper mailbag, Hyer on top as usual.

Sullivan went in for the recklessness, and tried all his old points and dodges at the same time. Terrific exchanges were made, and Sully got in a tremendous body blow that staggered Hyer back for two steps, and finally sent him to the ground on his seat. Sullivan's friends then took a turn at the shouting, and Sully's old smile of wicked glee once more illuminated his knotty features.

The thing seemed about even now, and both men came up with great alacrity. Some open-handed exchanges took place, but the men were cautioned. Hyer gave another stinger on the forehead and Sully gave another buster on the body. Sully soon ran in for his favorite hold, but Hyer straightened him out again by main strength, and threw all his weight on Sully into the bargain. A claim of "foul" was made on account of the length of time Hyer laid upon

Sullivan, but the referee decided that the seconds of the under man should bestir themselves to take their principal away.

From this to the 14th round, the 4th round may be considered a fair example, and repetition is not needed. In the 6th Sullivan's tremendous exertions produced nervous twitching in his legs. In the 8th Hyer's left eye began to swell and show the effects of Sully's compliments given in the 2d round. In the 13th Hyer backed Sullivan over the ropes, and while they were fibbing a person named Hennessey, from Boston, is said to have caught hold of the thumb of Hyer's hand that was on the rope and bent the thumb backward. Hyer then let go, clinched Sullivan, threw him and fell upon him, as usual. Sullivan's seconds exhibited an extraordinary backwardness while coming to pick up their man after his being thrown.

15. Sullivan very doubtful on his pins. Again he was sent to the ropes, where Hyer wrenched his left arm in such a manner as to leave it almost useless. Sully down again from a clear throw and Hyer on top as usual.

16. Sully's left arm full of tremors from pain. Hyer had previously made him do all his fighting within his half of the ring, and on this occasion Hyer advanced beyond the score, where Sully got a couple of stummers on the dial, which he took without wincing. Hyer again rushed him to the ropes, again threw him, and again fell on him. On taking Hyer off Sully was found to be completely powerless, and Hyer was proclaimed the victor in 17 minutes and 18 seconds. In short, Yankee Sullivan, brave and skillful as he was, had found his "master."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There appears to be a lull in prize-ring matters at present. Sullivan, the champion, is spending his time fitting up his new sporting house. Mitchell and Madden are filling dates at some of the principal theatres. Mitchell is not satisfied with the result of his recent bout with Sullivan, and is eager for another trial. This is what the English champion writes on the subject:

"SARATOGA, N. Y., May 30, 1881.

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

"Sir—If you will kindly insert the following, you will do me a great favor:

"First, as regards my coming to this country with the express purpose of fighting Sullivan, say one with the least knowledge of the business can see that that was not my game, as I am not one that will either box or fight without I think I can beat them, and I should have challenged him to fight in a 24-foot ring in the old style if I had wanted advertising and did not mean business, as there are plenty of ways to get out of fighting, even if the match should be made, without forfeiting, if a man was so inclined.

"I shall give Cleary another chance, as per promise, but I have not been in this country two months, and I have met the two best men, and proved that I do not ask any favors of anybody. But I do not want to be boxing all the time. I want to see the country. But Cleary shall have the first chance in public. I have heard of gentlemen here giving a purse to be boxed for. If there are any that will do so to see Sullivan and me box, I will box him four rounds, or an unlimited number of rounds, in private; to have a referee and a fair show. And that I think I shall have, for I have been treated well wherever I have been. I will now conclude, hoping at some future time to have another go at the refined Mr. Sullivan."

Many pugilists throughout the country are making it a practice to send challenges to the POLICE GAZETTE without sending a forfeit to prove they mean business. Now, we are always ready to oblige not only the pugilists one and all, but also all patrons of the POLICE GAZETTE, but we must insist that all parties issuing challenges send on a deposit with their favors. If we did not insist on this rule the POLICE GAZETTE would be filled with these communications, and it is more than likely no match would result from any of them. Pugilists and athletes will bear this in mind and send the "needful" with their challenges hereafter.

We suppose after awhile Billy Madden and Pete McCoy will meet in the arena. The following is a card from Madden, which he desires us to publish:

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

"I was much surprised to see in a paper of a recent date a statement that McClellan had withdrawn his deposit, and that I, as his backer, would not go on with the match. McClellan said he would fight McCoy, and as McCoy was looking for a fight and I fancied it was a good thing for McClellan, I told him I would back him for \$1,000 to fight McCoy. I would have done so had they gone on with the match if only to gratify my curiosity to see the capers McCoy would cut in the ring. I am sure it would fully repay me even if I lost, as maiden attempts in the ring are generally very funny. With regard to McClellan's challenge to me, I would not ask a better job, but business is very pressing just now. However, I will not disappoint my friend McCoy. As soon as I am through with the business I have now on hand I will make a match with this middleweight, untried wonder."

Barney Blake, the Irish giant, has again knocked out another boxer at Captain James Daly's Sporting house. The victim this time is Jack Reunie, a six-footer, who weighs 220 pounds. It took Blake six minutes.

Martin, better known in sporting circles as "Fiddler Nearn," the pugilist, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment on May 26 by Justice Kilbreth at the Tombs Police Court, New York, for disorderly conduct. Policeman Liston found Nearn in Centre street trying to engage in a fight, and when told by Liston to go away he threatened to beat him.

At New Brunswick, N. J., on May 26, Edward Scott and Edward McDonald engaged in a prize fight. They met on Sonneman's Hill, at the lower end of Burnet street, an out-of-the-way spot, at eight o'clock, A. M. The friends of the principals to the number of one hundred gathered around in a circle and formed the ring. The men were stripped when they entered the circle and quickly got to work, doing away with the customary form in the P. R. rules of shaking hands. Neither had been properly trained, nor did either possess any science, and was a slugging match from the start. The first round was of short duration. Scott was sent to grass with a sledge-hammer blow from McDonald. Scott did slightly better in the second round, when he got in a few taps on McDonald's frontispiece leaving a few marks. McDonald, enraged, at the tapping, drove out his right and planted it squarely on Scott's nose, sending him down in a heap. The third and last round ended quickly, when McDonald again sent his left right against Scott's nose, and the latter again went down. In fact he was completely knocked out, but his friends raised a cry of police and the crowd fled. The principals will be arrested.

On May 26, in Navy street, Brooklyn, Bertie Bell and Tilly Treadwell, two colored women, fought up and down over John Francis, a coachman. A keen rivalry existed between them to obtain a monopoly of his affections. Of late Miss Treadwell blushingly assumed the role of Mr. Francis' affianced, which excited intense bitterness in her rival. Their meeting, although accidental, was furious. The fighting was destitute of scientific principles, but proved very effective. In the latter part of the sixth round Miss Treadwell seized the second finger of her opponent's right hand and bit off the member and threw it in her face. Immediately after she was arrested and the injured woman taken to the City Hospital.

## ONE DAY IN GOTHAM.

## Three Grand Events that Amused the Mob and it wasn't a Holiday either.

[Subject of Illustration.]

All on one day, May 28, New York had three events occurring simultaneously, any one of which would have been sufficient for a holiday in any other locality than the great cosmopolitan centre. These were the annual parade of the police force, the famous "finest." The men, 1,500 in number, assembled at the Battery, and at 3 o'clock started up Broadway. At the head of the column rode 30 horsemen belonging to the mounted squad. Next marched a section of the Seventh Regiment Band. At their heels strode Superintendent Walling, looking soldier like and walking with eyes front. He was followed by Inspector Dilks and his aids at the head of the First Battalion, which was composed of policemen from the upper part of the city, officiated by their captains and sergeants. A second section of the Seventh Regiment Band was followed by Inspector Thorne and Capt. Williams, who was the Inspector's lieutenant colonel. The Inspector commanded the Second Battalion, composed of police from the west side of the city, south of Fifty-ninth street.

Part of the Twenty-second Regiment Band headed Inspector Murray's battalion, which was made up of the police from the east side, below Fifty-ninth street. The rest of the band furnished music for the Fourth Battalion, under command of Inspector Byrnes, who wore his uniform for the first time since the last parade. His battalion was composed of the steamboat squad, part of the Thirtieth street squad and of policemen drawn indiscriminately from all quarters of the city. Generally, Inspector Byrnes says, he gets the worst drilled men, but yesterday he was better served. At Union Square the police were reviewed by Mayor Edson.

That same afternoon John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, pitched for the Metropolitans in a game against a picked nine at the Polo Grounds. The champion's appearance in the ball field drew an immense crowd, the grounds being fairly encumbered with paying spectators. Sullivan made a good *debut* as a star player, and besides drawing much money played a fair game.

And there was still another grand sensation for the city in the form of a parade of the League of American Wheelmen. There were 876 bicyclists in line, and they made a grand show, parading in martial array up Fifth avenue and out beyond the Park.

The parade emerged from the West Drive at Fifty-ninth street and then turned up Eighth avenue to Seventy-second street and across to Riverside Drive. They stopped at Mount Tom and dismounted to have their pictures taken. This was accomplished after some delay, and the clubs then hurried back to the city by detachments. In the evening 500 of the riders took dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel. Among the invited guests were ex-Mayor Ely, Hubert O. Thompson, Gen. Viele and Salem H. Wales. Letters of regret were received from President Arthur, Gen. Grant, Mayor Edson and Mayor Low.

Before the parade a business meeting of the League was held at the bicycle school in East Thirty-fourth street. The following officers of the League were elected: President, N. M. Beckwith, of the Citizens' Club, New York; vice president, W. H. Miller, of Columbus, O.; corresponding secretary, Fred Jenkins, of the Citizens' Club, New York; recording secretary, A. S. Hibbard, of Milwaukee, Wis.; and treasurer, W. V. Gilman, of Nashua, N. H. It was said that the membership of the League was 2,131. Massachusetts has 518 members and New York 320.

This was the record of one day's pageants in New York, and one week day only, at that.

## A WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

## She Sets Them by the Ears, and Her Faithless Conduct Causes a Murder.

A terrible and cold-blooded murder agitated Steubenville, O., on May 27. Two years ago Alexander Myatt came to this country from England with his wife and eight children and settled at Mansfield, Pa. Myatt was a coal miner and with him worked John Bird. Last August the wife went to Steubenville with Bird, and although she had not been divorced from her husband she was married to Bird soon after, and they have been living quietly and happily together since. On May 24 Mrs. Bird received a letter from her oldest son, Arthur Myatt, aged 15, who was living with his father at Mansfield, stating that he wanted to visit his mother. She gave the letter to Bird, and the latter invited Arthur to come on May 27 and he would meet him at the train.

That morning the train brought Arthur, and with him came his father. Bird met them and told Myatt he could see his wife if he would cause no trouble. Myatt promised, and the three went to the house together. Arriving there Myatt asked his wife to come back to him, saying to her that she was not Bird's lawful wife. This she refused, and he

## THE NATIONAL GAME.

## A Glance Over the Diamond Fields of the Continent.

TAYLOR got the grand bounce.

STEWART takes the cake for kicking.

CAN anything be more uncertain than baseball?

BENDING the elbow has become fashionable in baseball circles. The Athletics are a nice lot of fellows, but they want the whole earth.

The Alleghenies are noted for making errors at critical points of the game.

RICHMOND, like Radbourne, is doing excellent pitching for the Providence club.

As a chronic kicker, Stor, of the Athletics, is the champion of the American Association.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the bruiser, made lots of money but no friends among the baseball men.

The St. Louis are picking up a little in their play, while the wily Columbus club is falling off.

YOUNGSTOWN, Ohio, is coming out in good shape, with its enclosed grounds and semi-professional club.

WHAT is the matter with Burdick's mouth? We never even heard the sound of his voice while he was on the western trip.

The Columbus club contains some remarkably heavy batters, but they off-set their heavy batting by their remarkable fielding.

It is thought that the Athletics' picnic will be brought to a close by the time they have had a tussle with each of the four western clubs.

From the general outlook the Harvards are going to make the College championship decidedly interesting for the competing clubs.

SOMMER showed his good judgment by stepping down and out. Had he not done so, however, he would have gotten the grand bounce.

NICHOLS, the young catcher of the Harvard club, is playing the finest game behind the bat of any collegiate catcher in the country.

SAY commenced his monkey business with Barnie, but the latter is too old a rouser for any "shenanigan," so he fined Say \$25 and sent him back to Baltimore in disgrace.

THE championship pennant that Manager Taylor anticipated floating from the flagstaff at Washington Park in 1884 is growing beautifully less as the season advances.

APPARENTLY good material is rapidly going to seed in the New York team. The \$3,000 pitcher, Ward, does not pitch, and the \$2,000 catcher, Clapp, doesn't catch.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"OLD HAYSEED" was a happy man when the Metropolitans downed the Athletics, and it took him several days to get over his happiness, when he wound up with a pretty bad headache.

THE BROOKLYNS play most admirably on their own grounds, but when they go away from Brooklyn they flunk like a lot of old women, and get knocked out in nearly every game they play.

THE NEW YORKS had a change of "neck" on Decoration Day and actually won a game. They enjoyed it greatly, and said it would be real jolly if they could win another game before the season closes.

MULLANE, while pitching in the Louisville-St. Louis game May 21, accidentally hit Gerhardt with a pitched ball, which caused the Louisvillians to set up a howl that it was done intentionally for the purpose of crippling Gerhardt.

AFTER the morning game, May 30, in this city, the Detroit thought that the New Yorks could not play ball even a little bit, but they changed their mind when the New Yorks pounded Weidman, their crack pitcher, all over the field.

WHAT under the sun possessed Burdick to make Whitney temporary captain in the Cleveland games is beyond comprehension. Whitney needs all the head he has got to pitch the ball, without any additional responsibility.—*Boston Herald*.

DETROIT looks upon Weidman as being as great a star as Hanlan, Booth, Maud S., John McCormick, Mary Anderson or Pat Rooney. The New Yorks, appreciating this fact, got at him on Decoration Day and knocked him up above the clouds, where the stars begin.

SINCE the accident to McCormick the CLEVELANDS have a one-legged as well as a one-armed pitcher. A cross-eyed gatekeeper is now all they want to make Chicago's men of luck in her black Newfoundland pup pale into insignificance.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

AS MIGHT be expected, the Columbus people are making a big squall because their club is not winning the championship. Little do they know that the boys have missed their calling. The proper career for them is to be started out with pails and whitewash brushes.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN was quite an attraction at the Polo Ground May 28, when he pitched for the Metropolitans against a strong picked nine, in the presence of 4,000 people. He would command a fine salary if he would don the uniform and follow ball playing for a livelihood.

THE NEW YORKS had pretty hard luck on their Western tour, but it is to be hoped that they will do better now, while they have the Western clubs on their own dunchill, for if they can't play ball now they may as well throw up their hands and look for some other means of support.

MANAGER MURKIN showed bad judgment on Decoration Day, by refusing to allow the "father of baseball" to pass through the gate between the League and American association grounds at the Polo grounds. This may lead to war between the management and the press of New York.

WHEN the CINCINNATIS and METROPOLITANS brush up against each other it is business and no d—ns—nonsense about it, and a person can safely bet his money that the club which wins will have to play ball for all it is worth, as there is no time for grass to grow under the winning club's feet.

GEORGE W. BURNHAM, of Detroit, who has been appointed one of the league official umpire, vice Odlin, bounded, is said to be a long distance swimmer. This accomplishment may not come amiss, as he is liable to get into deep water a great many times in the duties he has undertaken.

THE ATHLETICS, of Philadelphia, have been strengthened wonderfully by the addition of Bradley, late of the CLEVELANDS, and are now undoubtedly the strongest club in the American association, unless they find a rival in the METROPOLITANS of this city, who are now playing a simply marvellous game.

THE ALLEGHENIES landed in Baltimore May 24, and being unable to get whiskey, drank coffee, and the result was most marvellous, as they got on Fox in a way that made the Baltimores sick at heart, pounding him all over the field, scoring seven earned runs in one inning, and five in the other eight.

THE BUFFALO people are taking credit upon themselves for having taught the PHILADELPHIAS how to play ball while they were in Buffalo, but instead of their getting credit the lessons they gave their pupils reflect greatly upon the style of instruction given in Buffalo, as the PHILADELPHIAS have not won a game since.

"PARRY POLL" is in hard luck again. He gave a fictitious name, but unfortunately his right address. An unexpected dispatch from the new "mash" which got into the hands of the old one, was like throwing a match into a powder magazine. The gay "Polly" had his plumage ruffled and has been in a straightjacket ever since.

THE RELEASING mania has commenced, and nearly every club throughout the country are giving their worthless material the grand bounce. If it ever reaches New York and they commence operations on the League team, there will be nothing left to finish the championship season, unless Mr. Day goes to the almshouse for material.

THE UMPIRES this season have had a pretty hard gauntlet to run. It is almost impossible for the best umpire in the country to officiate in his position without giving offence to some one, and such offence invariably results in losses. Never, since baseball was founded, has there been such a "dead-set" made against umpires as at present.

FARRELL, of the Detroit, says he thinks that New York would be a pretty good ball town if they had a club in the city who knew how to play the game. After their second match in New York, on Decoration Day, he came to the conclusion they had a club in the city who knew something about ball playing, as the New Yorks defeated the Detroit 8 to 4, making two home runs and earning five out of the eight scored.

THERE is a general kick throughout the American association against the umpiring of Ben Sommers, the big-headed stuff who gave such beastly decisions while in New York. He will most likely be removed and replaced by "fog-horn" Bradley, who is undoubtedly one of the best umpires in the country, even if he has a voice like a steam-whistle.

AN ENTERPRISING merchant in Detroit has offered the members of the League team of that city each a fine overcoat in the event of their winning the championship. It is dollars to cents that the merchant has the dry goods at the end of the season, while the ball tossers will sinkers in the pockets of their linen dusters and do the chair-boarding act the coming winter.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

THE BEACONS and DEARBORNS had five cents apiece to divide up among their players May 19, at the close of their baseball match. The gate receipts were \$22, and their expenses \$21, which left one dollar between the two clubs. The managers opened their hearts, and divided the money among the after-beer money. The boys, however, put the money in their pockets and worked the tomato can racket.

THE BROOKLYNS felt highly elated when they defeated the ALLEGHENIES, of PITTSBURG, but we're cut short in their glee when they stumbled against the MERRIMACKS, of CAMDEN, who warmed them 16 to 1. Although smarting under this defeat, they could not realize that they didn't know anything about ball playing until they collided with the TRENTONS, May 21, who wiped up the ground with the tune of 10 to 4.

IT was a great picnic for the METROPOLITANS when they tackled the COLUMBUS CLUB May 30, on the Polo Ground. The visitors were given some very valuable points on ball playing, the most important of which they will be apt to remember for some time to come, which is never to put a poor pitcher in the box when they encounter a NEW YORK club. Their best man would have been beaten bad enough, but it is simply torture for the spectators to put in a novice.

THE HARVARD faculty have seen their folly, and in the future they will allow their baseball nine the advantage of practice in games with the professional teams, and they will also have a professional to train the team in the early spring. The other colleges who would not consent to this "rattle-brained" idea of forbidding the students to come in contact with the professional nines, all gained such advantage by the drilling they received that the HARVARDS were left rather in the shade.

"If we can't beat you, we'll lick you," is the motto of the AMERICAN association clubs nowadays. The CLEVELANDS released BRADLEY, and the ATHLETICS engaged him, but as that club is at the head of the list in the race for the championship, all the other clubs in the association are looking for a loophole in the AMERICAN association rules large enough to enable them to expel the ATHLETICS for not having notified them that BRADLEY was open for an engagement before they signed him.

WHILE there is life there is hope. Why should the NEW YORK people feel badly at the ill-success of the NEW YORK club? They are doing better work than the POTTSVILLE boys; they won four games during the first 24 days of the league championship season, while the ANTHRACITES, of POTTSVILLE, have only won a single game in the same time in the race for the Interstate championship. So the NEW YORKERS can feel proud that there is at least one club in the country poorer than their league representatives.

IT would relieve the baseball admirers throughout the country of an eyesore if JIMMY WILLIAMS would spend a dollar and buy his official umpires respectable-looking hats instead of compelling them to don 25-cent boy caps, which get out of shape the first time they are worn, and gives the umpire a hungry, seedy sort of a look, as though he was regretting having given up a good steady position of blacking boots for a thankless profession like this, where the fine judgment he constantly displayed was not appreciated.

THE PHILADELPHIAS of the LEAGUE got done up in a pretty lively style by a country club away out in Michigan. They were outplayed at every point, and defeated by a score of eight to three. It was a hard blow for Manager FERGUSON, who thought he would make a record for the PHILADELPHIA club by pounding the countrymen, but the PORT HURON gave him a bitter pill to swallow. Bob is going to try a "nine" of schoolboys, barring all over sixteen, and if he can't beat them, he is going to give up all hope of winning the League championship, and put his team at breaking stone.

ONE of the worst exhibitions of ODILIN's umpiring, prior to his being kicked out of the LEAGUE, was at DETROIT, May 17, when the PHILADELPHIAS were playing the DETROITS. MANSILL was fairly and squarely pitched out on strikes, but instead of being declared out, he was given his base on balls. He was again thrown out at second base, fully four feet away from the base, and he was again declared out not out, whereupon the PHILADELPHIA nine, in a body, fell upon their knees and offered up a silent prayer, which was answered by "OLD NICK," the great MOGUL at WASHINGTON, who caught ODILIN in his tons and dropped him in the fire.

THE NEW UMPIRE, BURNHAM, made friends yesterday. His manner of calling every play is quite satisfactory, and adds a certain amount of spirit to the game, which is lacking in those umpires who call out in a dry, monotonous manner. BURNHAM, of course, is like all mortals, and liable to errors of judgment; but his work yesterday smacked of fairness and a desire to do justice to both teams. There was only one thing on which he was a little remiss, and that was in not watching a certain batsman of the visiting team who throws his foot out of the lines every time he strikes at a ball, a fault for which McCormick was called out a few days ago by LANE. BURNHAM should get on to him to-day.—*CLEVELAND LEADER*.

IN about a week this scribe will be kicking BURNHAM full o' holes. LAW SIMMONS would make one of the best serio-comic actors in a country club away out in Michigan. They were outplayed at every point, and defeated by a score of eight to three. It was a hard blow for Manager FERGUSON, who thought he would make a record for the PHILADELPHIA club by pounding the countrymen, but the PORT HURON gave him a bitter pill to swallow.

THE NEW YORKS had pretty hard luck on their Western tour, but it is to be hoped that they will do better now, while they have the Western clubs on their own dunchill, for if they can't play ball now they may as well throw up their hands and look for some other means of support.

MANAGER MURKIN showed bad judgment on Decoration Day, by refusing to allow the "father of baseball" to pass through the gate between the League and American association grounds at the Polo grounds. This may lead to war between the management and the press of New York.

WHEN the CINCINNATIS and METROPOLITANS brush up against each other it is business and no d—ns—nonsense about it, and a person can safely bet his money that the club which wins will have to play ball for all it is worth, as there is no time for grass to grow under the winning club's feet.

GEORGE W. BURNHAM, of Detroit, who has been appointed one of the league official umpire, vice Odlin, bounded, is said to be a long distance swimmer. This accomplishment may not come amiss, as he is liable to get into deep water a great many times in the duties he has undertaken.

THE ALLEGHENIES landed in Baltimore May 24, and being unable to get whiskey, drank coffee, and the result was most marvellous, as they got on Fox in a way that made the Baltimores sick at heart, pounding him all over the field, scoring seven earned runs in one inning, and five in the other eight.

THE BUFFALO people are taking credit upon themselves for having taught the PHILADELPHIAS how to play ball while they were in Buffalo, but instead of their getting credit the lessons they gave their pupils reflect greatly upon the style of instruction given in Buffalo, as the PHILADELPHIAS have not won a game since.

"PARRY POLL" is in hard luck again. He gave a fictitious name, but unfortunately his right address. An unexpected dispatch from the new "mash" which got into the hands of the old one, was like throwing a match into a powder magazine. The gay "Polly" had his plumage ruffled and has been in a straightjacket ever since.

THE RELEASING mania has commenced, and nearly every club throughout the country are giving their worthless material the grand bounce. If it ever reaches New York and they commence operations on the League team, there will be nothing left to finish the championship season, unless Mr. Day goes to the almshouse for material.

THE UMPIRES this season have had a pretty hard gauntlet to run. It is almost impossible for the best umpire in the country to officiate in his position without giving offence to some one, and such offence invariably results in losses. Never, since baseball was founded, has there been such a "dead-set" made against umpires as at present.

FARRELL, of the Detroit, says he thinks that New York would be a pretty good ball town if they had a club in the city who knew how to play the game. After their second match in New York, on Decoration Day, he came to the conclusion they had a club in the city who knew something about ball playing, as the New Yorks defeated the Detroit 8 to 4, making two home runs and earning five out of the eight scored.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## SENSATION WITH PEN AND PENCIL!

For the latest, liveliest and most authentic sensations of the town, read FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Sunday, price 5 cents, and for sale everywhere. Subscription rates: One year, \$2.50; Six months, \$1.25. Specimen copies furnished free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,  
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

A. B. Cambridgeport, Mass.—No.

J. H. S. Malone, N. Y.—Send the picture.

O. M. B., Gardner, Me.—Thanks for favors received.

G. H. STANLEY, Tamayo, Mexico.—Thanks. Shall use it.

W. W. A., Camden, Ohio.—There is no such book published.

M. H. B.—Hanlan was born in Toronto, Canada, July 12, 1855.

J. L. P., Albany, N. Y.—We could not find Dr. Gray's address.

J. W. D., Jackson, Mich.—See answer to A. D., Kingston, Canada.

READER, Rochester, N. Y.—There is no record for wheat thrashing.

P. S. B., Niles, Mich.—We cannot back you in your proposedfeat.

H. W., Rochester, N. Y.—Donati's comet appeared in August, 1858.

J. C. H., Seward, Neb.—We can furnish you with boxing gloves.

J. B., Washington, D. C.—We have no record of the person you refer to.

J. H. B., Pittsfield, Ill.—The paragraph you refer to never reached us.

J. M., North Adams, Mass.—Write to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

S. W., Brighton, Mass.—C. Fox, the comedian, was born in Boston, Mass.

M. S., Dubuque.—Jem Maa... food 5 ft 3 in in height and weighed 116 lbs.

A. CONWAY, READER, Pittsburgh, Ky.—See answer to A. D., Kingston, Canada.

G. S., Indianapolis, Ind.—The draft riots in New York commenced July 13, 1863.

J. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—James O'Rourke is a member of the Philadelphia baseball club.

S. B., Lewiston, Me.—Joshua Ward is not dead. 2. He resides at Cornwall, N. Y.

No Moan, New York.—Where will we write to? You give neither name nor address.

W. F., Chicago.—John Morrissey and John C. Heenan did fight for \$2,500 a side; and B. loses.

S. V. W., John L. Sullivan stands 5 ft 10 1/4 in in height. Mitchell stands 5 ft 8 1/2 in in height.

J. C. R., Washington, D. C.—1. Billy Madden trained Sullivan.

2. Sullivan, 195, and Ryan, 193 lbs.

A. B. C., Gainesville, Fla.—The best work in boxing is by Ned Donnelly. Price by mail, 25 cents.

G. W., Blossburg, N. Mex.—Tom Sayers and Tom King never fought in the prize ring as opponents.

C. M., New Amsterdam, Md.—We have sent you papers. Do all you can in the matter you wrote about.

**Christian and Jew.**

The great topic of interest at Elmira, N. Y., is the elopement of Mort. B. Sullivan, a young law student, and Celia Schwartz, a pretty Jewess. It seems that Charles P. Bacon, a young man not unknown to fame in connection with the railroad commission, he having been a prominent candidate for clerk of the commission, was a witness of the marriage, which was consummated very secretly. Last fall Jacob Schwartz, a prominent young lawyer and brother of the young bride, was a candidate for the Assembly. It was mainly through Mr. Bacon's opposition that he failed in getting the nomination. Since that time there has been an open rupture between Bacon and Schwartz, and neither has taken pains to conceal his hatred for the other. It is now generally supposed, especially by the friends of the Schwartz family, that Bacon aided young Sullivan in getting his stolen bride. As Sullivan is a Catholic and his bride a Jewess, and as the marriage ceremony was performed by a Protestant minister, the Schwartz family regard the wayward girl as dead to them and the world, and they have not only entered into the deepest mourning for her, but the brothers have been heard to swear that they will have revenge.

Mr. Bacon has further incurred the ire of the Schwartzes by giving a ludicrous account of the elopement and the futile efforts of the family to prevent it. It appears that Miss Celia removed her personal effects little by little from her home, and on Sunday morning before daybreak rose to leave the house. She was intercepted by the entire family, ran through a rear door, climbed a rear fence, eluded the search of her relatives, joined her husband and with him started for Denver.

The affair has led to a street encounter between the brothers of the young bride and Mr. Bacon, and Jacob and Lee Schwartz were arrested on a charge of assault and battery.

**Selina Dolaro.**

Selina Dolaro is a native of that empire of which Daniel Webster said that the drum taps in its fortresses followed the rising sun around the world. She first came into notice in London as a concert singer. It required very little time for her to make herself a prime favorite with London audiences, and she soon drifted into the congenial world of the musical drama. She possessed *chic*, intelligence, and above all

strong dramatic tastes and talents. Her success in French and English comic opera was immediate and pronounced. She played in England and toured the provinces with equal popularity. While her fame in England was at its brightest point she accepted an offer of an American engagement with M. B. Leavitt, of Boston. She opened at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, in the titular *role* in the burlesque opera of "Carmen." After a preliminary season in New York the Leavitt company took the road. Mismanagement led to financial stringency which ended after the usual fashion. Miss Dolaro returned to New York a creditor of her management for a large sum. Soon after her return she appeared at the Bijou Opera House as *Olivette*. The opera had been originally produced there with Catharine Lewis in the title *role*. The old company had gone forth to fulfil its out-of-town contracts. Miss Dolaro and a new organization kept *Olivette* alive to crowded houses till the end of the season.

**A NEW DEPARTURE.**

HOW A PRETTY JEWESS OF ELMIRA CHANGED HER HOME AND RELIGION, AND FLED WITH A CATHOLIC SUITOR.

West Mexico, took her own life by driving a pair of blunt scissors into the top of her skull with a heavy iron bolt, the weapon of destruction penetrating the brain and breaking off in her head. There were found two places where the scissors had been driven in, indicating that a second and fatal attempt had been made. The old lady was alone that night, and it is supposed she committed the dreadful deed while brooding over imaginary troubles, being somewhat childish from old age. Friends who know assert that for some time past Mrs. Cooley has had the rash act in contemplation, but did not suppose she would carry it into execution. The scissors were eight inches in length and about two inches were broken off in the skull. She lingered in great agony until ten o'clock the next morning.

**A Dangerous Woman.**

She is a dangerous daisy, that Eva Lloyd, who has been charming the rude wrestlers with fortune in the far western border lands of civilization, but bad as her record was already she has managed to beat it. On May 28 she arrived in Omaha, Neb., from Deadwood, in company with Dr. Richards, a man from the mining camps. Richards supplied the woman liberally with money and left her for a few hours to visit friends. On going to the depot that evening to take the train for Chicago Richards found the woman much the worse for liquor, and in a quarrel which ensued she drew a revolver

and shot him in the ear, inflicting a slight wound. The depot policeman interfered and disarmed her before she could use the weapon again. Eva has a bad record, being the same woman who murdered her room mate at Chicago three years ago in a drunken spree, and of which she was acquitted after a long trial. This case attracted a great deal of attention at the time, some of the Christian people there trying to reform her—a job which they soon gave up in disgust.

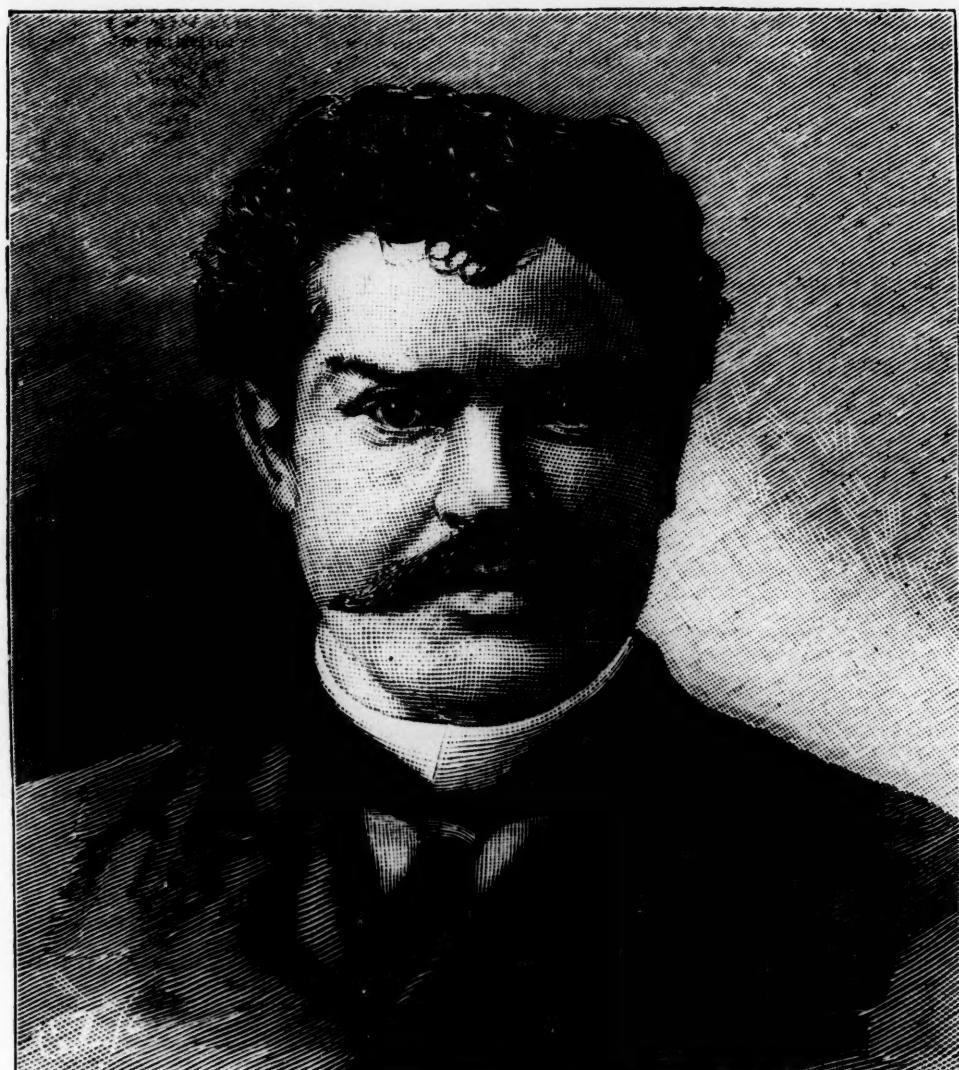
**Ralph Delmore.**

Born in New York city, Mr. Delmore began his professional career as a boy. He has ascended step by step to his present footing on the stage—a footing whose permanency is assured. During the past season in support of Lotta Mr. Delmore created marked impression throughout the country by his admirable performances of the exacting character parts which are almost peculiar to the plays of this star—impersonations in which he has not been surpassed by any of the excellent actors who preceded him in them.

**Something New in Suicide.**

A novelty in suicidal methods is reported from Mexico, Mo. On the night of May 23 Mrs. Mary Cooley, aged 73 years, a widow, living in

On the night of May 25 an attempt was made by unknown persons to kill an entire family at Nelson, Ill. On that night the house of Mr. Boyd was burned to the ground. Ropes were tied to the door knobs and made fast to trees in the yard, the dwelling was then saturated with coal oil about the foundation and set on fire near the door. Mr. Boyd and family escaped.

**A Fiendish Plan.****RALPH DELMORE.**

[Photo by Nageli.]

**SELINA DOLARO.**

[Photo by Mo-a.]

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.



EDWARD HANSON,

THE MANIAC WHO SHOT DOWN CHARLES WHITE  
AND THEN CUT HIS THROAT.

CHARLES R. WHITE,

THE VICTIM OF HANSON'S AWFUL DEED;  
ELLIOTT CITY, MD.

JACOB GANOWERE,

THE YOUTHFUL TRAINWRECKER WHO CAUSED  
A FATAL ACCIDENT NEAR EPRATA, PA.

PARSON HARRIS,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, GAMBLER AND  
BANKRUPT, OLATHE, KAN.**A Maniac's Awful Crime.**

One of the most horrible murders ever committed in Maryland occurred May 16, about two miles from Ellicott City, the county seat of Howard county. Edward Hanson was the murderer and Charles R. White was his victim. Hanson has recently shown some evidences of insanity, which had previously manifested itself in other members of the family. One of his sisters died some time ago in an insane asylum. Hanson's special hallucination was that he must commit some great crime to avenge his sister's death, and also that he had sworn by the bedside of his dying mother to revenge her death. It was very rarely, however, that he ever referred to any of these things, and in the neighborhood he was considered perfectly harmless and, in fact, very few people knew that he was not entirely sane.

Yesterday morning Mr. White, who is an aged man of 60 years, drove from his farm to that of Mr. Hanson, a mile distant, for some seed corn. Hanson was not in the house at the time and Mr. White went in and sat down and for an hour or more talked with the lady members of the family.

Finally he went out of the house and had just reached the ground when Hanson came around the corner of the house, out of breath, as if he had been running at full speed, carrying in one hand a revolver and in another a huge butcher's knife. Without a word of warning he began firing at Mr. White when but a few steps from him, and shot him once in the leg, a second time in the face, and a third time through the head, the bullet crashing through his brain, killing him instantly. Not satisfied with this, the maniac rushed upon his victim, and with the knife cut his throat in such a manner as to nearly sever the head from the body. After com-

mitting the crime, Hanson became calm and quiet again, but shows his insanity in that he manifested no regret for the deed, but claimed that it was the will of heaven.

The crime is all the more shocking because the two men have always been the best of friends and their families have always been on the most intimate terms. The crime has created great feeling in this city, where there are many branches of both families in the highest circles of society, and it is the only topic at the clubs. Both are old Maryland families of the highest repute. Hanson was taken in custody after his crime and placed in jail at Ellicott City.

**Parson Harris' Ways.**

The Rev. Mr. Harris, whose portrait adorns

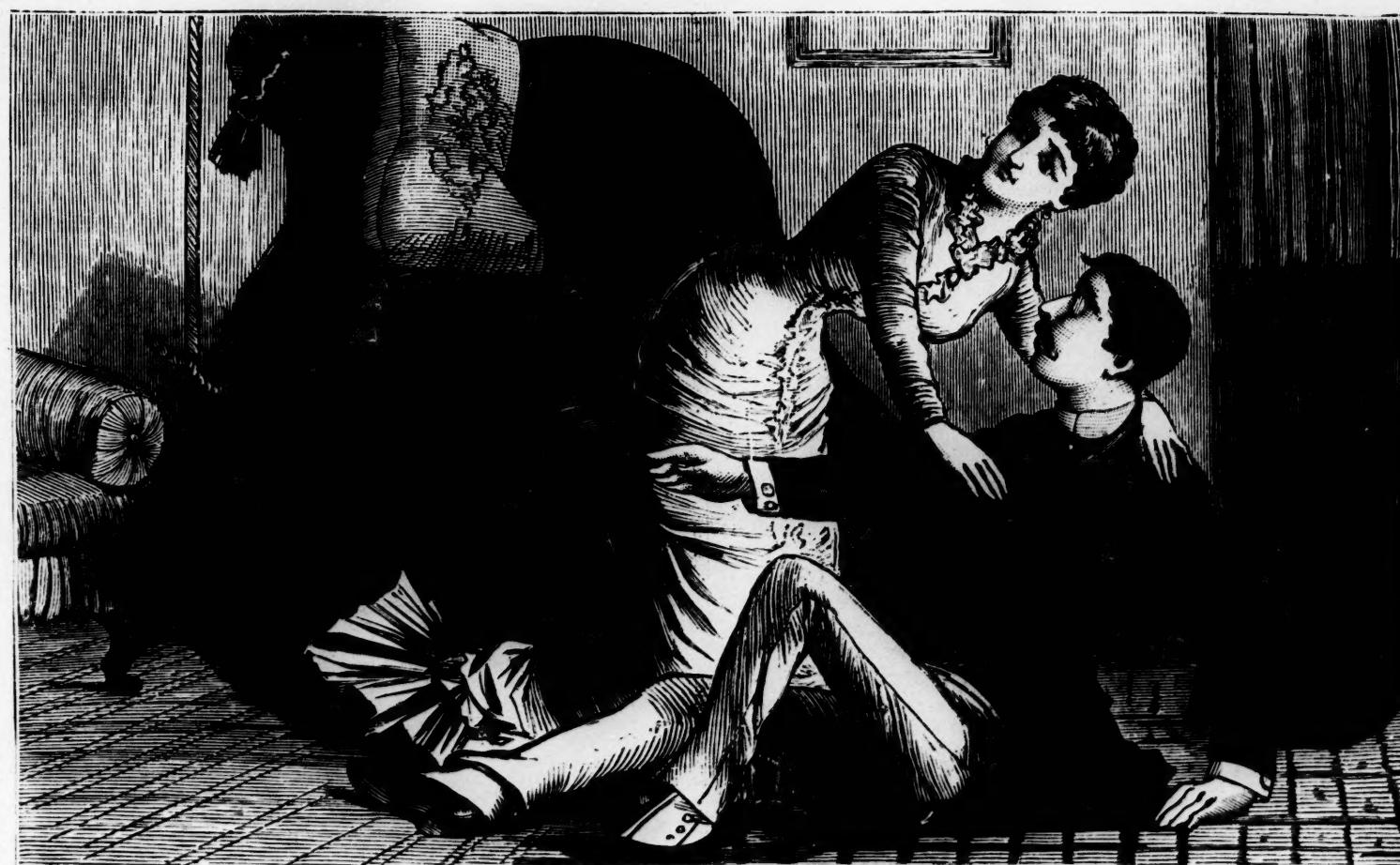
these columns, is at present in a most decided stew. In addition to being a minister of the gospel in the M. E. Church, Olathe, Kan., he was the president of the Harris Bank of that place. At the beginning of this month the bank failed with liabilities aggregating \$86,620.33. This event set people thinking and acting, and the result was that many of the reverend gentleman's secret practices came to light. It seems that he lived like a prince, and his luxurious home was furnished like a palace. He drove the best horses and rode in the finest carriages. He would take long trips, staying for weeks at a time under the pretext of urgent business or some speculation, entrusting the business of the bank to a clerk, who performed the various duties of president, cashier, bookkeeper and

general factotum. Although a minister of the gospel in the M. E. Church, and a member of the Southwestern Kansas Conference, in which capacity he filled the pulpit of some sanctuary nearly every Sunday, he would unscrupulously doff his ecclesiastical robes, and in company with some of the boys seek the solitude of some back room and spend the night engaged in the festive and fascinating game of draw poker.

It is also reported that he patronized largely the bucket shops in Kansas City and the grain pools in St. Louis, but the extent of either his losses or profits are known to no one but himself. Among his other papers in the bank was found \$25,000 stock in the Leeds Mountain Gold and Silver Mining Company, of which ex-Governor St. John is president. What it cost him or how much assessments he has had to pay is not known, but all these things go to show what has become of his money.

**A Youthful Desperado.**

The boy's portrait which appears among our illustrations is that of Jacob Ganowere, the youthful Pennsylvania train wrecker, who was arrested May 20, after a desperate fight with mountain outlaws, by two of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company's police, near Welch Mountain, and was then taken to Lancaster for trial. It is alleged that he was put off the train by a brakeman, and that when the same train returned he, out of revenge, wrecked it by placing a plank across the track. The accident occurred near Eprata, on the Reading & Columbia Railroad. George M. Hain, the master mechanic of the road, was killed. Ganowere and two of his brothers are weak minded. The policemen were dressed as drovers when they made the arrest.



A HINT TO LEAVE.

THE INGENIOUS DEVICE OF A FOND PARENT TO PREVENT PROTRACTED SESSIONS OF LOVE MAKING.

## SPORTING NEWS.

## THE BOSS OF ALL!

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Sunday, price 5 cents, will contain the freshest, snappiest and best sporting department of any Sunday newspaper in the world. Subscription rates: One year, \$2.50; Six months, \$1.25. Specimen copies furnished free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, proprietor,  
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

PETE DURYEA is still suffering from ill health in London.

The Montreal Athletic association games are to be held on June 2.

There will be a great six-day race in New York, in October, for the Fox Diamond belt.

At the firemen's turnout at Macon, Ga., lately, the best time was made by Young America Hose Co., No. 3.

JOHN E. GRAHAM, of Erie, Pa., was recently presented with a Winchester rifle, 32 calibre, by W. F. Cody.

One of the sporting features on Decoration day was the Knickerbocker Yacht Club regatta at Port Morris.

The 100-yard running race at Shenandoah, Penn., between Stein and Bagley, for \$300, was won by the latter.

ADVICES from Australia state that Laycock, Pearce and Trickett intend visiting this country before the season is over.

Charley Mitchell and Billy Madden boxed at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on June 2, and packed the theatre.

In the race for the Merchant stakes at Louisville, Ky., May 30, Checkmate, the favorite, was beaten by Mediator.

JOHN J. KITTLEMAN recently defeated B. Anderson in a one-mile bicycle race at Topeka, Kan. Time said to be 3m 30s.

EFFORTS are being made for a match between St. Julian and Trunket to trot for a special purse at Detroit, Mich., on June 28.

Jerry Bresnahan defeated Edward Bennett in a 100-yard foot race at Augusta, Ga., on May 25. Time, 10s 48. The stakes were \$200.

ENGLAND cannot boast of a first class oarsman. How rowing has degenerated since Coombes, Kelly, Sadler and Renforth's time.

The North End boat club of Salem, Mass., will hold a grand regatta and athletic games at Smith's Park, Andover, Mass., on July 19.

CHARLES PEARCE, a gentleman who was very prominently identified with athletics, is dead. He was a member of the New York Athletic Club.

The lacrosse match in which Columbia was to have met Harvard ended in a fizzle. Columbia failed to meet the Cambridge College team.

HUGH REILLY, of Albany, offers to match C. A. Smith, the colored pugilist, to fight any colored pugilist living for \$500. Where is the Black Diamond?

On May 25 Owney Geoghegan, the noted sporting man, was liberated from the "Island of Blackwell," having served one month and paid a fine of \$500.

The wrestling match for \$2,000 and the mixed wrestling championship is to be decided at Rochester on June 7. The principals are H. M. Dufur and Duncan C. Ross.

The foot race between Wm. J. Miley and Harry Lewis, which is to be decided at the Mahoney City Park, will be run on June 7. We hold the stakes, \$1,000.

JOHN CASH easily defeated Wm. Perkins, the ex-champion walker, in a one-mile race recently in England. Perkins covered the mile in 7m 21s-5s, but it was too slow to win.

John S. Prince, finding that John Kean, the English champion, will not come to this country to run him for the championship, has decided to go to England to meet him.

The Harvard crew has been disabled by the withdrawal of Curtis, the stroke oarsman. His place will be taken by C. A. Bartlett. Curtis' leg was sprained while at work.

LEFEVRE'S Triston won the Epsom gold cup, value \$2,500. The Duke of Hamilton's City Arab, came in second and Lord Ellesmere's Wallenstein third, at Epsom, England on May 25.

JACK CONLEY, of the Sixth Ward, challenges any one either in the Twelfth or Sixth wards to wrestle, collar-and-elbow. Man and money at 355 Hicks street, Brooklyn.

CHARLES REED, the noted turfman, has decided to make Tennessee his home. He has bought a large farm at Ore Knob, known as Fairfield. He owns four stallions and fifty-two breeding mares.

FONTIN, the property of D. de Castrile, won the French Derby at Chantilly on May 20. Count F. de Lagrange's bay colt Farfadet was second and W. C. G. Lefevre's bay colt Regain third. Eighteen ran.

To the Sporting Editor:

Challenge any boy from the age of 12 to 14 to dance me a clog dance for from \$5 to \$25 a side.

THOMAS SHEA, 206 Henry street.

The eight oarsmen selected to represent Harvard in the annual eight-mile race against Yale do not amount to much. If they expect to win at New London they will have to make great improvement.

The 125-yard handicap, arranged by Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia, at Pastime Park, was won by J. Coogan, with 17 yards start, in 12s 5s. W. Hinton, 23s yards start, was second, and S. Tevis, 17 yards start, third.

In the double-scull race between the Gillett Brothers and G. Sanders and G. Powers, from Putney to Mortlake, on the Thames, Sanders and Powers' boat sank, after colliding with their opponents', and they were awarded the stakes.

AT Terry's Circus, Flushing, L. I., May 29, Gus Hill, the champion club swinger, and Martin Dempsey engaged in a collar-and-elbow wrestling match. During one of the bouts Hill threw Dempsey with such terrific force that he broke his arm.

WM. J. MILEY and Harry Lewis, the former halting from Summit Hill and the latter from Wilkes-Barre, Pa., are to run 100 yards June 7 for \$1,000. Richard K. Fox is the final stakeholder, and on the 25th ult. received \$400 (the amount of the final deposit) from the pedestrians' backers.

WM. STEELE, the pedestrian who defeated Price at ten miles and also beat the American record for that distance, is a native of England. He states that he is ready to run any man in America ten miles for \$1,000 a side.

Tom, better known as "Shang" Draper, in conjunction with Charley Johnson, have opened the Caledonian House, Coney Island. It will be the stopping place of all the sports going to see the Brighton Beach races.

FRANC E. LANE, of the Pastime Athletic Club, writes that he is willing to contend against Crawford in six athletic events according to his challenge, and he will meet Crawford at the POLICE GAZETTE office on June 2, at 10 P. M., to arrange a match.

NISH KIELLY, the Milwaukee (Wis.) pugilist, writes that he is prepared to fight Dan Ryan with or without gloves, for \$250 or \$300, and the lightweight championship of Wisconsin. KIELLY says he will meet Ryan at Jack Ward's sporting house any time he (Ryan) names to arrange a match.

AT COCK fighting tournament took place at Dallas, Texas, on May 18. In the royal main between Fort Worth and Dallas the Fort Worth cock won in 30 minutes after a rough and tumble contest. Over 60 persons witnessed the main and several thousand dollars changed hands on the result.

FITZHARRIS, the pugilist, and a Dominion policeman called W. Kane engaged in a hard glove contest at Ottawa, Canada, on May 1. FITZHARRIS was badly worsted. Kane had an easy victory, the fight lasting through eleven rounds. Considerable sums of money changed hands on the result.

AN athletic entertainment of the Independent Athletic club for the benefit of the well known athlete, John Brown, takes place at Martin's Bellevue park on Saturday, June 9. A glove contest will take place for a handsome medal. All entries close June 9, at James Brooks', the secretary, at 3 Mulberry street, at noon.

JOE COBURN, the ex-champion pugilist, having heard that John L. Sullivan claims he could have knocked out Hyer or Morrissey, says: "Any man that has to brace himself up on brandy to fight Mitchell, a man forty pounds lighter than himself, is not the man to knock such men as Hyer or Morrissey out."

AT Epsom, England, on May 25, the race for the Oaks stakes for 3-year-old fillies was run on Epsom Downs, and was won by Lord Rosebery's Bonny Jean.

Count F. de Lagrange's Malibran secured second place and Lord Rosebery's Etarre third. The other starters were Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Biserta, Sir J. Astley's Lovely.

NAPOLEON PEPIN, of Detroit, Mich., writes that he was surprised to learn that L. L. Burton, of East Saginaw, challenged McMahon when he could have made a match nearer home, and that he is ready to wrestle Burton at any time at Detroit for Burton's own sum. If Pepin means business he should forward a forfeit and an official challenge to this office.

JACOB SCHAEFER has sent a reply to Maurice Vignaux, who had challenged him to a match for the balk-line billiard championship. Schaefer states that he will accept such a challenge provided it is made in regular form, according to the rules governing the championship, or he will play Vignaux at the balk-line game for \$500 a side within 15 days from date.

THE grand steeplechase de Paris (handicap) of 50,000 francs and an "objet d'art," valued at 10,000 francs, for four-year-olds and upward, distance about three miles and three-quarters, was run at Auteuil on May 27, and was won by Count Erdody's Too Good.

The Duke of Hamilton's Eau de Vie was second, and Col. J. Lloyd's Dawnpatrick third. Twelve ran.

GEORGE W. ANNABLE has opened a first class Russian ten-pin alley, shooting gallery, etc., on Sawyers' Block, Waterstreet, Gardner, Me. He has named it the "Police Gazette" Sporting Gallery, and we are pleased to say that he is doing a thriving business. The POLICE GAZETTE is kept on file, and Annable himself is right up to the mark on all sporting events.

MONTANA is looming up in the sporting world. Recently there was a grand athletic tournament at the Coliseum, in which all the champions contended. The wind-up was a double one between Dave Cusick, the middleweight champion of Montana, and A. McDonald, the champion of Utah, and Jack White, the heavyweight champion of Montana Territory.

CAPT. A. H. BOGARDUS has forwarded the following business-like communication:

"If you want to know who is the champion pigeon shooter, this will explain. I will match myself against Dr. F. W. Carver, or any man in the world, to shoot at 100 birds any rules, for \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side, or I will wager \$1,000 I can beat any man living in feats of wing and glass ball shooting."

OWNEY GEOGHEGAN, the noted sporting man, is again among his many friends, after serving his time on the Island for selling liquor without a license. It is expected that he will open a first class sporting house in that city and again give a first class athletic show as he did when he was a boy. He had his jaw fractured recently by a dentist extracting a tooth, but he has fully recovered.

AT Cleveland, Ohio, May 24, Chas. A. Prince, of the St. Joe Boat Club, of Fort Wayne, defeated Frank C. Meyer, captain of the Eclipse Boat Club, of Canton, at Congress Lake, in the single scull race for the amateur championship of Ohio and Indiana, winning by two lengths in 12m 1s. The course commenced at the north end of the lake and extended one mile straight south with a turn and return of half a mile, ending in front of the pavilion.

A PRIZE fight was decided across the Indiana State line on the prairie near Chicago, May 20. The principals were James Welsh and Thomas Lynch, both workingmen, but well known in Chicago as fighters. The battle was a desperate one, 37 rounds being contested. At the call of time for the 38th round Lynch failed to come to the scratch, and the purse \$300 was awarded to Welsh. Both men were terribly punished. On their return to the city the principals and a few associates were arrested.

A NUMBER of sporting men accompanied James Edmunds (the old English pugilist) and his novice, Harry Evans, to a resort on Hunter's Point, on May 19, to try the pugilistic abilities of Bob Mace and the "Novice," who were desirous of having a bout to settle the question. The men stripped and entered an improvised ring to fight six rounds according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules. At the close of the fifth round the "Novice" was unwilling to come to the scratch and Mace was declared the winner. Mace weighed 115 lbs. and his opponent 140 lbs.

AFTER all the boasting C. A. C. Smith, the colored pugilist giant barber, has been doing, when he was offered \$300 to box Sullivan four three minute rounds he refused to do so. Smith used a big opportunity in refusing to meet the champion. He will have to shave many a customer before he will make \$300. Smith undoubtedly had visions of Ryan, Flood, Elliott and the rest of the pugilistic division who have had to succumb to Sullivan's wonderful hitting powers.

FRANK BUTLER and Miss Oakley, the POLICE GAZETTE Rifle Team, are playing to crowded houses at the Garden, Terre Haute, Ind. On May 21, and during the week, they created quite a sensation by their wonderful skill with the rifle. They appear in an original sketch entitled "Our Ranch," introducing songs and quick changes. Their canine wonder, George, also performs in their field sports. Neither do any head shooting, as they depend upon skill for the success of their act, and not danger.

JOHN BURGESS, of Cristfield, Md., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE as follows: "Being informed that Jacob Wilson, of Milford, Mass., is anxious to fight either with or without gloves, I am willing to fight him according to either London prize ring rules or POLICE GAZETTE rules with gloves for \$100 a side and upwards. I shall be ready to meet Wilson or his backers at any time at Mike Cleary's sporting house, 815 Vine street, Philadelphia, to arrange a match."

AT Epsom, England, on May 25, the Epsom Gold Cup over the Derby Course (one mile and a half), attracted a tremendous crowd. The following is the summary: The Epsom Gold Cup of £300, in plate or specie, at the option of the winner, added to a sweepstakes of £20 each: 22 subscribers; the Derby Course: about a mile and a half.

C. J. Lefevre's ch. h. Tristan, 5, by Hermit, dam Thrift, by Stockwell, 132 lbs. .... 1 Duke of Hamilton's b. c. City Arab, 4, by Tibthorpe, dam the Arab's dam, by Peon, 119 lbs. .... 2 Lord Ellesmere's ch. h. Wallenstein, 6, by Waverley, dam Lady Wallenstein, by Lexington, 132 lbs. .... 3 Duke of Westminster's ch. h. Shotover, 4, by Hermit, dam Stray Shot, 129 lbs. .... 0

"FATTY RUSH" and Jack McMann, both engaged at Harry Hill's Theatre, quarreled about their respective talents, and to settle the affair agreed to decide it by a glove contest on May 22. "Fatty" weighs 250 lbs., and McMann 137 lbs. They came on the stage in ring costume. Rush led with his left, landing on McMann's forehead. McMann countered on Rush's jaw. They came together, and McMann received a left-hander square on the nose, which sent him to the floor. When he got up he landed a right on Rush's eye and nose. In the second round Rush let go right and left on McMann's nose, jaw and body, which knocked him through the scenery. In the third round McMann went down under every blow, and finally ran off the stage, and refused to face the music longer.

THE wrestling match between Duncan C. Ross and H. M. Dufur is to be decided at Rochester N. Y., on Thursday evening, June 7. The rival champions are to wrestle for the POLICE GAZETTE trophy, \$2,000 and the championship—mixed wrestling—one bout catch-as-catch-can, one bout collar-and-elbow, and one bout side-hold in harness. The match was arranged on May 17, when the backers of the rival athletes posted \$500 each with Richard K. Fox and selected him final stakeholder. On May 29 the final deposit of \$500 a side was posted. It will be remembered these rival champions contended in a similar match for \$500 a side on April 27, and Ross was defeated after winning one bout by what he claimed a questionable ruling of the referee, who ordered him to stand by the side of Dufur instead of behind him. Ross challenged Dufur to wrestle for double the amount; hence the match. Richard K. Fox will attend the match in person and present the winner with stakes on receiving the decision of the referee.

THE spring meeting of the Country Club opened at Mystic Park, Boston, May 26. There was a large attendance. The first event, a half-mile dash on the flat, for half-bred horses, heavy welters, gentlemen riders, was won by J. P. Dawes' b. g. Charlie Ross, ridden by Hugh A. Allan, in 53s 5s. The second race, one mile on the flat, was won by the b. g. Charles Kemplund, of the Magenta stables, in 1.46s.

The third race, three-quarters of a mile, was won by the b. g. Weasel, of the Clyde stables, by a neck, with Fiona second. Time 1.17s.

The fourth event, the Myopia steeplechase, 2½ miles, mixed riders, heavy welters, was won by J. P. Dawes' ch. g. Charlemagne, who took the last hurdle with Dungeon, and won the race by half a head, in 5.42s.

The fifth event, the Marlin steeplechase for horses that had never won a hurdle race or steeplechase, mixed riders, was won by George Lee's b. g. Glenlivat, in 5.50s.

A WALKING match was arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office May 29. A few days ago A. B. Sprague, the pedestrian, had an argument with Beneke Bros., of Canal street, about walking over the Brooklyn Bridge. Sprague claimed that he could walk over the Brooklyn Bridge in nine minutes, fair heel and toe walking. Beneke doubted Sprague's ability to accomplish the feat and offered to wager \$50 that he could not do so. Sprague accepted the offer and the parties agreed to meet at the POLICE GAZETTE office and arrange the match. The pedestrian was on hand, and after a short delay Beneke Bros. put in an appearance. Richard K. Fox was chosen stakeholder, and it was also agreed that he should select the judges. The money was posted, and Sprague agreed to start at 10:30 P. M. on Decoration day from the foot of the bridge at Chatham street, and walk fair heel and toe to the end of the bridge in nine minutes or forfeit \$25. If Sprague accomplished the feat, Beneke Bros. were to present him with \$50 and make him a present of a pair of pedestrian shoes. According to agreement Sprague was on hand at 11 P. M., May 30, to accomplish the feat. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who held the stakes, J. D. up in his coach at 11:10 P. M., and shortly after Sprague, dressed in white shirt and tights, arrived in a coach in which were Wm. Steele and W. E. Harding, of the POLICE GAZETTE, who were time-keepers and judges. A large crowd had assembled to witness the race, and many supposed that the police would stop the affair. At 11:20 Sprague jumped out of the coach, and amid the cheers of the crowd started off at a break-neck pace. After going about 300 yards a policeman tried to stop him, but he had all he could do to reach the pedestrian, who was going at a seven-minute gait. The policeman finally stopped Sprague and stated that Superintendent Martin had him detailed on purpose. Sprague jumped into the judges' coach and drove to Brooklyn, deciding to make the attempt from Brooklyn. After a short delay the coaches again drove up to the Brooklyn entrance of the bridge, and Sprague stripped again started. The police again stopped the affair, and Richard K. Fox informed Sprague that he might just as well abandon the attempt. Sprague, accompanied by Richard K. Fox and the judges, returned to the POLICE GAZETTE office, where new arrangements were made for the race.

THE great rifle tournament at Nashville, Tenn., on May 26, was a grand affair. The following are the scores made by the different infantry companies: Mobile Rifles, of Mobile, Ala., 926 out of a possible 10; Crescent Rifles, of New Orleans, La., 9.14; the Tredway Rifles, of St. Louis, 8.86; the Houston, Texas, Rifles, 8.79, and the Lawrence Light Infantry, of Boston, 8.34. The prizes were awarded as follows: Infantry—Mobile Rifles first prize, \$4,000. Crescent Rifles, New Orleans, second, \$1,000. Tredway Rifles, St. Louis, third, \$500. The Light Guards of Houston, Texas, were fourth, and the Lawrence Light Infantry, of Boston, fifth. Butter C. of Louisiana and Battery G, Louisiana field artillery, won the first artillery prize, \$500, and Battery G, Louisiana State artillery, was placed third, and Battery B, Washington light artillery, fourth, and Bum's Tennessee light artillery fifth. The Bush Zouaves, of St. Louis, were given the special prize of \$500, no one competing against them. Frank J. Badger, of the Crescent Rifles, and Wm. Byer, of the Nashville Porter Rifles, won the individual cup.

THE

## THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

A STATE'S LICENSE TO A GAMBLING INSTITUTION—HOW THE STATE OF LOUISIANA CREATED A LOTTERY COMPANY—INTERVIEWS WITH A NUMBER OF PROMINENT MEN—THE PLAN OF DRAWING THE NUMBERS.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Times* has been investigating the inside history of the Louisiana State Lottery, which, in view of the legal complications arising therefrom and subsequent suppression of the same in this State, will make interesting reading for the general public.

## THE HISTORY OF THE LOTTERY.

In the year of 1866 the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana adopted in legal form "An act to increase the revenues of the State and to authorize the incorporation and establishment of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and to repeal certain acts now in force." This act provided that no lottery tickets should be sold within the State, and gave to certain citizens the power to organize a corporation under the following regulations:

Article 1. The name and title of this corporation shall be "The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and the domicile thereof shall be in the city of New Orleans, State of Louisiana."

Art. 2. The objects and purposes of this corporation are: (1) The protection of the State against the great losses heretofore incurred by sending large amounts of money to other States and foreign countries for the purchase of lottery tickets and devices, thereby impoverishing our own people. (2) To establish a solvent and reliable home institution for the sale of lottery, policy and combination tickets, devices and certificates, and fractional parts thereof, as terms and prizes in just proportion to the prizes to be drawn, and to insure perfect fairness and justice in the distribution of such prizes. (3) To provide means to raise a fund for educational and charitable purposes for the citizens of Louisiana.

Art. 3. The capital stock of this corporation shall be \$1,000,000, represented by ten thousand shares of \$100 each. There were provisions for a board of directors composed of seven stockholders, and the corporation was given all the corporate rights to sue and be sued, etc. The duration of its existence was fixed at twenty-five years. In consideration of the privileges thus granted and guaranteed, the company on its part agreed to the following:

Art. 5. Section 1. The corporation shall pay to the State of Louisiana the sum of \$10,000 per annum, which sum shall be payable quarterly in advance from and after the 1st day of January, 1869, to the State Auditor, who shall deposit the sum in the treasury of the State, and which sum shall be credited to the educational fund; and said corporation shall be exempt from all other taxes and licenses of any kind whatever, whether from State, parish, or municipal authorities.

See 2. The corporation shall furnish bonds to the auditor in the sum of \$30,000 as security for prompt and punctual payment of the sums set forth in the preceding section.

The remaining provisions of the charter regulated the matter of elections of officers and the general method under which the company should work, and gave it for a period of twenty-five years from the 1st day of January, 1869, the sole and exclusive privilege of publishing and authorizing a lottery or series of lotteries, and selling and disposing of lottery tickets, policy combination devices and certificates and fractional parts thereof.

## CONSTITUTIONAL GUARANTEES.

The constitution of 1879 provided in article 167 as follows:

Article 167. The General Assembly shall have authority to grant lottery charters or privileges: Provided, Each charter or privilege shall not less than \$40,000 per annum in money into the treasury of the State: And provided, further, That all charters shall cease and expire on the 1st of January, 1885, from which time all lotteries are prohibited in the State.

Thus doubly fortified by constitutional provision and an indefeasible charter, the question of the legal existence of the Louisiana State lottery, so far as the State of Louisiana had the power to go, was proven on the start. Having satisfied himself on these points, the investigator proceeded to have a series of interviews with prominent officials and business men of New Orleans, which tell their own story, as follows:

## STATE AUDITOR JUMEL.

The Hon. Allen Jumel, Auditor of the State of Louisiana, who was staying a few days in New Orleans, was found, and submitted gracefully to the interviewing process. The reporter said:

"I want to ascertain through you, as an officer of the State, as to the legal, moral and financial standing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company."

"Well, sir," replied Mr. Jumel, "it is the greatest benevolent institution in the entire South, and is the mildest, con to every charity, whether personal or public, in Louisiana. It is the only one that has the support of all sanitary measures in New Orleans. It gives with a free and open hand to all deserving objects, whether church, school, or public or private charity."

It supports a hospital, the largest and best in the Southern States, which gives shelter and medical or surgical treatment to the unfortunate, without distinction of class, creed or nationality. As an institution, it protects its franchise against hundreds of political parasites who would like to rob the company of its charter, regardless of the loss to the city of New Orleans which would follow, and for the purpose of obtaining concessions for themselves. The Louisiana State Lottery, as it is conducted, is perfectly square and honest. Its officers are men of high standing and repute, and they cannot afford to endanger their reputations or risk the forfeiture of their franchise by any slight-of-hand work. If the thousands of administrators of estates in this country would guard the trusts devolved on them as faithfully as the officers of the Louisiana State Lottery Company protect theirs, there would be less suffering and want in the world."

"How about the fulfillment of the charter provision as to placing in your hands \$40,000 every year for charitable purposes?"

"They pay in advance \$10,000 every quarter into my office. During my long administration I have never found them to be one day behind with their payments. As to the men who are identified with this great institution, their names have a national reputation. You can find out about them by inquiry among our best business men. The drawings are conducted under the personal supervision of General G. T. Beauregard, of this State, and General Jubal A. Early, of Virginia, whose names alone are an absolute guarantee of the bona fides of the lottery."

## THE MAYOR OF NEW ORLEANS.

General W. J. Behan, Mayor of New Orleans, was found in the City Hall. The reporter stated that the Mayor had sent him to New Orleans for the purpose of investigating the workings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and expressed the hope that Mayor Behan would freely furnish all the information in his power.

"I shall be very happy to do so," replied the courteous executive. "I admire the enterprise of the Chicago *Times* for sending a representative so far from home for the investigation of information. The lottery company is doing a great work in the matter of alleviating human suffering and misery in our city."

The reporter stated that he had seen a number of the leading men of New Orleans, and that they all gave utterance to the same sentiments in regard to the honesty of the drawings and the high personal character of the gentlemen connected with the company.

"Yes," answered the Mayor, "it is, as I believe, the only institution in the world which is absolutely free from any taint or suspicion of irregularity. I never bought a lottery ticket in my life, but, being engaged in commercial pursuits, Mayor Behan conducts a large wholesale grocery business. I am personally acquainted with the honorable standing of each and every member of the board of directors of the Louisiana State Lottery Company. As to the commissioners, Generals Beauregard and Early, their reputations are national. The conduct of the lottery is beyond reproach."

"What are the facts as to the charitable work of the organization?"

"The managers of the State Lottery Company never seem to tire of giving in a good cause. Their donations to charitable purposes extend over the world. As to their exterior, I can only say that it resembles that

of your Chicago men. If we had more of their kind, New Orleans would not take a back seat as a manufacturing and commercial city to any in this country."

## BANK PRESIDENT KOHN.

The reporter, in his researches for news among the commercial and financial magnates of New Orleans, met Mr. C. Kohn, President of the Union National Bank of that city, and propounded to him questions identical with those asked of the other gentlemen named.

"I shall be only too glad," said Mr. Kohn, "to tell to the people of the North, through the medium of the *Times*, the facts as to the business standing and personal character of the lottery officials. I am not interested in any way in lotteries, and am opposed to them and to all forms of gambling. I believe them to be a bad thing for any state or community to encourage. But I am willing to forgive the managers of the Louisiana State Lottery Company for all the harm that lottery has ever done, if it has done any, in consideration of the good work it has done and is constantly doing for humanity. One-half will never be known of the true charity of that corporation. Their hands are always open to the poor and needy, and when we are visited by epidemics they simply overflow in charity."

## MR. J. H. OGLESBY,

President of the Louisiana National Bank, is a very conservative business man, and, like financiers generally, has little sympathy with anything which partakes of the nature of a gambling transaction. He is fully to the questions of the reporter he said:

"I believe Generals Beauregard and Early to be men of honesty, ability and worth, but as to their lottery business I know nothing."

"Do you ever have lottery tickets sent to you for collection through corresponding banks in other cities?"

"Yes, sir; hundreds of them, and they are always paid promptly by the management, and returned by us in due course, like all other collections."

"How about the charitable feature of the State Lottery Company?"

"I have never heard a word of complaint that it has not lived up to the requirements of its charter. I will say that I have known it to respond liberally in aid of sufferers along the river in cases of high water and floods. No longer than two weeks ago I was at the head of a committee for a charitable purpose, and it sent us a check for \$500. The directors are men of high standing in this community, and both enterprising and liberal in all their acts."

## GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD

needs no introduction to the reader. His testimony as to the absolute fairness of the lottery may be well condensed in the following language employed by him:

I state, at the request of the Louisiana Lottery Company, I have superintended two of its most important drawings in conjunction with General Early. It is within my positive knowledge that said drawings were conducted in the fairest manner possible; and, after undertaking the charge, I made investigation as to the manner in which said company conducted its operations. I became thoroughly convinced that all affairs and drawings were honest and fairly conducted. It is a local institution, incorporated by the State in 1868, and has been in regular operation ever since. Its financial standing is first rate, as it has always paid all prizes drawn, and I never heard any one having business with it complain of unfairness or bad faith of any description.

## DRAWING THE PRIZES.

The regular monthly drawing of prizes is had in the company's building under the supervision of Generals Beauregard and Early. The reporter witnessed this from first to last, the entire process occupying about three hours. The manner in which the drawing is conducted is at once simple, and calculated to insure absolute fairness.

## THE PLAN OF THE LOTTERY

drawing is as follows:

The numbers from 1 to 100,000, corresponding with those numbers on the tickets, printed on separate slips of paper, are encircled with small tin tubes and placed in one wheel. The first 979 prizes, similarly printed and encircled, are placed in another wheel. The wheels are then revolved, and a number is drawn from the wheel of numbers, and at the same time a prize is drawn from the other wheel. The number and prize drawn are opened and exhibited to the audience and registered by the commissioners, the prize being placed against the number drawn. This operation is repeated until all the prizes are drawn out. The lottery company have nothing whatever to do with the drawing, which is entirely taken out of their hands and is watched by Commissioners Early and Beauregard on behalf of the ticket holders.

## SUMMING IT UP.

Such testimony as this, with the added weight of the declarations made by New Orleans business men in regard to the financial standing and high character of the directors and officers of the company, carry conviction with them. The reporter can only add that from all the observations which he made, and after the most thorough investigation, conducted independently and for the purpose of ascertaining to the very bottom of the whole process of lottery drawing as conducted by the Louisiana State Lottery Company, he could arrive at no other conclusion than that the lottery is conducted on principles of absolute fairness.

## ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.

This certifies that we hold for collection for account of Waldo Adams and H. Hall, Boston, Mass., ticket No. 2,071 Original Little Havana (Gould & Co.), decided by the Royal Havana Lottery, May 23d, 1883. Said ticket was the one bearing the same number as the one drawing the capital prize in the Royal Havana, and therefore entitled to capital prize in Original "Little Havana" (Gould & Co.). The amount of the same, \$9,000, was promptly paid in currency on presentation of the ticket to Shipway Company, general agents.

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Heavy stomachs, bilious conditions—Wells' May Apple Pills—anti-bilious, cathartic. 10 and 25c.

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## THE GREAT SKIN CURES.

The Cuticura Treatment, for the Cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, and the external use of Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, the great skin cures.

Salt Rheum.—Will McDonald, 2,542 Dearborn street, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Salt Rheum on head, neck, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case hopeless; permanently cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally.

Psoriasis.—H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy of twenty years' standing by the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally. The most wonderful case on record. Cure certified to before a justice of the peace and prominent citizens. All afflicted with it being and scaly diseases should send to us for this testimonial in full.

Skin Disease.—F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and was destroyed by eye. Numerous medical doctors failed to help him, and after all his failings, he used the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured and has remained perfectly well to this day.

Skin Humors.—Mrs. S. E. Whipple, Decatur, Ill., writes that her face, head, and some parts of her body were almost raw. Head covered with scabs and sores; suffered fearfully, and tried everything. Permanently cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures).

Cuticura Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of Cuticura, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, \$1. Cuticura Resolvent, \$1 per bottle. Cuticura Soap, 25c. Cuticura Shaving Soap, 15c.

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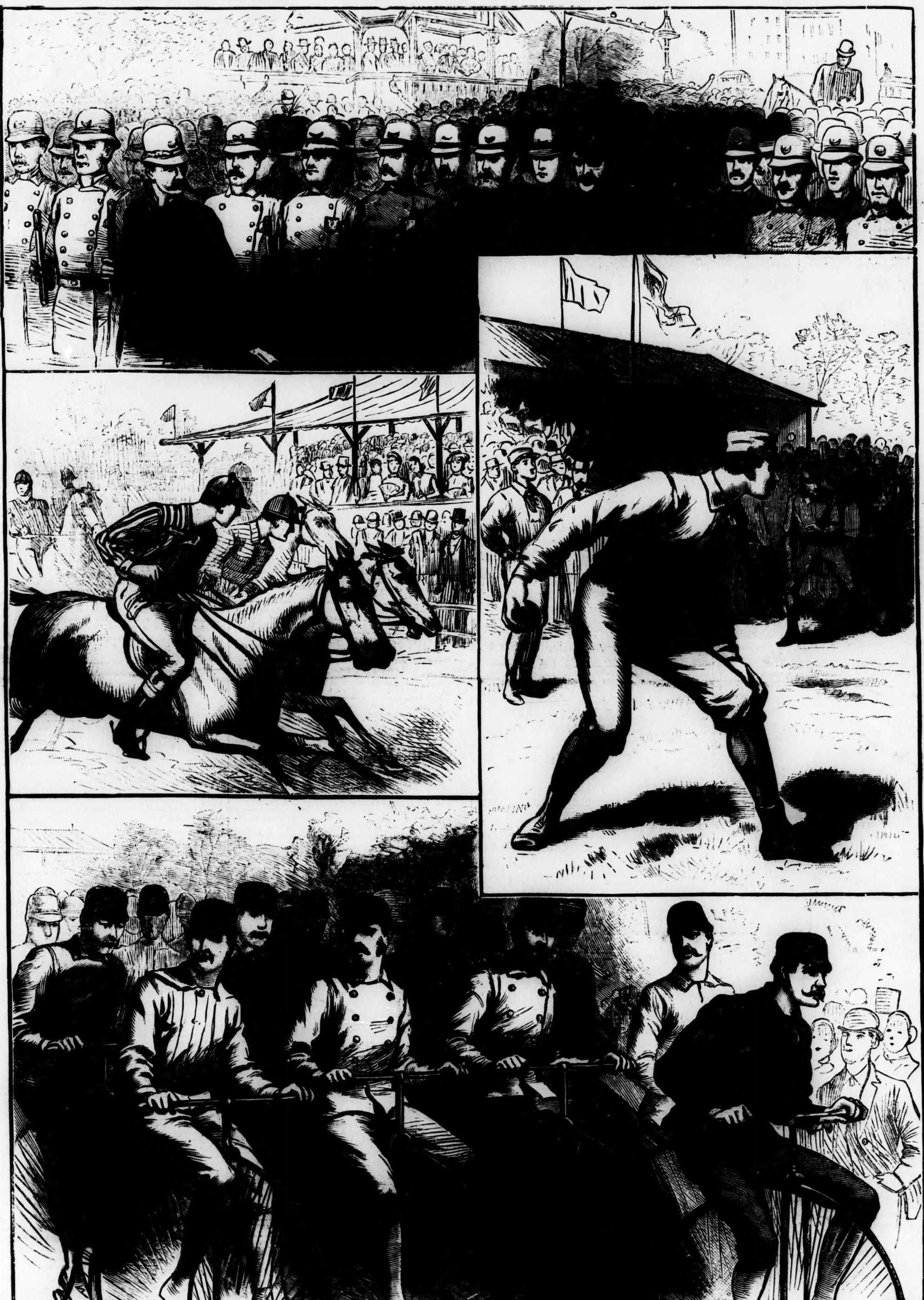
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